P. Fourdrinier sculp.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A

POEM,

778

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES;

AND

POEMS upon ſeveral OCCASIONS,

With a TRACTATE *of* EDUCATION.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

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PARA-

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I WHO ere while the happy Garden fung,
By one Man's Difobedience loft, now fing
Recover'd Paradife to all Mankind,
By one Man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And *Eden* rais'd in the wafte Wildernefs.

Thou, Spirit, who ledft this glorious Eremite
Into the Defart, his victorious Field
Againft the fpiritual Foe, and brought'ft him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, infpire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song, elfe mute,
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds
With profp'rous wing full fumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above Heroick, though in fecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd fo long unfung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the ſound of Trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptiſm flock'd,
With awe the Regions round, and with them came
From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joſeph* deem'd,
To the flood *Jordan* came, as then obſcure,
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon
Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his Heav'nly Office, nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeneſs of a Dove
The Spirit deſcended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.

That heard the Adverſary, who roving ſtill
About the World, at that aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the Voice divine
Nigh thunder-ſtruck, th'exalted Man, to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
Flies to his Place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To Council ſummons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Conſiſtory; and them amidſt
With looks agaſt and ſad he thus beſpake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide World,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conqueſt, then remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of Men,
This Univerſe we have poſſeſt, and rul'd
In manner at our will th'affairs of Earth,

Since

Since *Adam* and his facil Conſort *Eve*
Loſt Paradiſe deceiv'd by me, though ſince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head; long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſt, wherein we
Muſt bide the ſtroke of that long threatn'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the Head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's Seed
Deſtin'd to this, is late of Woman born.
His Birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youth's full flower diſplaying
All virtue, grace, and wiſdom to atchieve
Things higheſt, greateſt, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is ſent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King: all come,
And he himſelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The Teſtimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I ſaw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him riſing
Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds
Unfold her Cryſtal Doors, thence on his head
A perfect Dove deſcend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sov'reign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.

His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n;
And what will he not do t'advance his Son?
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we muſt learn, for Man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his Father's glory ſhine.
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven ſnares,
Ere in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supreme on Earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook
The diſmal expedition, to find out
And ruin *Adam*, and th' exploit perform'd
Succeſsfully; a calmer Voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found proſp'rous once,
Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs.

He ended, and his words impreſſion left
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
Diſtracted and ſurpriz'd with deep diſmay
At theſe ſad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main Enterprize
To him their great Dictator, whoſe attempt
At firſt againſt mankind ſo well had thriv'd
In *Adam*'s overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
Of many a pleaſant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coaſt of *Jordan* he directs

His

His eaſy ſteps, girded with ſnaky wiles,
Where he might likelieſt find this new declar'd,
This Man of men, atteſted Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd
To end his Reign on Earth ſo long enjoy'd:
But contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd Counſel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the moſt High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* ſmiling ſpake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou ſhalt behold,
Thou and all Angels converſant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verify that ſolemn Meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the Virgin pure
In *Galilee*, that ſhe ſhould bear a Son
Great in Renown and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldſt her, doubting how theſe things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the Power of the Higheſt
O'er-ſhadow her: this Man born and now up grown,
To ſhew him worthy of his Birth Divine
And high Prediction, henceforth I expoſe
To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtilty, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apoſtaſy; he might have learnt
Leſs overweening, ſince he fail'd in *Job*,
Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a Man
Of female Seed, far abler to reſiſt
All his ſollicitations, and at length
All his vaſt force, and drive him back to Hell,

Winning by conqueſt what the firſt man loſt,
By fallacy ſurpriz'd. But firſt I mean
To exerciſe him in the Wilderneſs,
There he ſhall firſt lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I ſend him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and ſtrong Sufferance:
His weakneſs ſhall o'ercome Satanick ſtrength
And all the world, and maſs of ſinful fleſh;
That all the Angels and Æthereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may diſcern,
From what conſummate virtue I have choſe
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So ſpake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
Admiring ſtood a ſpace, then into Hymns
Burſt forth, and in Celeſtial meaſures mov'd
Circling the Throne and ſinging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entering his great duel, not of Arms,
But to vanquiſh by wiſdom helliſh wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore ſecure
Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
Againſt whate'er may tempt, whate'er ſeduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be fruſtrate all ye ſtratagems of Hell,
And deviliſh machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet ſome days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Muſing and much revolving in his breaſt,

How

How beſt the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way firſt
Publiſh his God-like Office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converſe
With ſolitude, till far from track of Men,
Thought following thought, and ſtep by ſtep led on,
He entered now the bordering deſart wild,
And with dark ſhades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus purſu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me ſwarm, while I conſider
What from within I feel my ſelf, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill ſorting with my preſent ſtate compar'd.
When I was yet a Child no childiſh play
To me was pleaſing, all my mind was ſet
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my ſelf I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that ere yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix Years, at our great Feaſt
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all; yet this n[illegible]
To which my Spirit aſpir'd, victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue *Iſrael* from the *Roman* Yoke,
Then to ſubdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,

Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear,
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware
Mis-led; the stubborn only to destroy.
These growing Thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is th' Eternal King, who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men;
A messenger from God foretold thy Birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
Thou should'st be great and sit on *David's* Throne,
And of thy Kingdom there shall be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st;
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star [illegible]fore in Heav'n appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh and Gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
By which they knew the King of *Israel* born.

Just

Juſt *Simeon* and Prophetick *Anna* warn'd
By Viſion found thee in the Temple, and ſpake
Before the Altar and the veſted Prieſt,
Like things of thee to all that preſent ſtood.
This having heard, ſtraight I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, ſearching what was writ
Concerning the Meſſiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and ſoon found of whom they ſpake
I am; this chiefly, that my way muſt lie
Through many a hard aſſay even to the death,
Ere I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,
Or work Redemption for mankind, whoſe ſins
Full weight muſt be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus diſhearten'd or diſmay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold!
The Baptiſt (of whoſe birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by ſight) now come, who was to come
Before Meſſiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptiſm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudeſt voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was ſhewn him ſo from Heav'n)
Me him whoſe Harbinger he was; and firſt
Refus'd on me his Baptiſm to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I roſe out of the laving ſtream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit deſcended on me like a Dove;
And laſt, the ſum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more ſhould live obſcure,
But openly begin, as beſt becomes
The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.

And now by ſome ſtrong motion I am led
Into this Wilderneſs, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So ſpake our Morning Star, then in his riſe,
And looking round on every ſide beheld
A pathleſs Deſart, dusk with horrid ſhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane ſteps untrod:
And he ſtill on was led, but with ſuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paſt and to come,
Lodg'd in his breaſt, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choiceſt Society.
Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill,
Sometimes anon in ſhady vale, each night
Under the covert of ſome antient Oak
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor taſted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild Beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray Ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a Winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from Field to Eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.

Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who paſs

In Troop or Caravan, for ſingle none
Durſt ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His Carcaſe, pin'd with hunger and with drought.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou ſeem'ſt the Man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd ſo, and call'd the Son
Of God: I ſaw and heard, for we ſometimes
Who dwell this wilde, conſtrain'd by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nigheſt is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; Fame alſo finds us out.

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I ſeek.

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I ſee not; for we here
Live on tough roots and ſtubs, to thirſt inur'd
More than the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much miſery and hardſhip born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of theſe hard ſtones be made thee Bread;
So ſhalt thou ſave thy ſelf, and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched ſeldom taſte.

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'ſt thou ſuch force in Bread; is it not written
(For I diſcern thee other than thou ſeem'ſt)
Man lives not by bread only but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moſes was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Elijah* without food
Wandred this barren waſte, the ſame I now:

Why doſt thou then ſuggeſt to me diſtruſt,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus anſwer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undiſguis'd.
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in raſh revolt,
Kept not my happy Station, but was driven
With them from bliſs to the bottomleſs deep,
Yet to that hideous place not ſo confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Priſon I enjoy
Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air; nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my reſort ſometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
To prove him, and illuſtrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud,
That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demurring,
I undertook that Office; and the tongues
Of all his flatt'ring Prophets glibb'd with lyes
To his deſtruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do; though I have loſt
Much luſtre of my native brightneſs, loſt
To be belov'd of God, I have not loſt
To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.
What [illegible] be then leſs in me than deſire
To ſee thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy Wiſdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them

I loſt not what I loſt, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe Regions of the World,
If not diſpoſer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and wo.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with wo
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
Small conſolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me moſt (what can it leſs) that Man,
Man fall'n ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd:
Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lyes
From the beginning, and in lyes wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'ſt indeed,
As a poor miſerable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had ſat
Among the Prime in Splendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhun'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the Hoſt of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.
But thou art ſerviceable to Heavn's King.
Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other ſervice was thy choſen task,
To be a lyar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all Oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confeſt more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lyes.
But what have been thy anſwers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double ſenſe deluding,
Which they who ask'd have ſeldom underſtood,
And not well underſtood as good not known?
Who ever by conſulting at thy ſhrine
Return the wiſer, or the more inſtruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him moſt,
And run not ſooner to his fatal ſnare?
For God hath juſtly given the Nations up
To thy Deluſions, juſtly, ſince they fell
Idolatrous; but when his purpoſe is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence haſt thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels preſident
In ev'ry Province, who themſelves diſdaining
T' approach thy Temple, give thee in command
What to the ſmalleſt tittle thou ſhalt ſay
To thy Adorers? thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning Paraſite obey'ſt;
Then to thy ſelf aſcrib'ſt the truth foretold.
But this thy glory ſhall be ſoon retrench'd;
No more ſhalt thou by oracling abuſe
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd;
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or elſewhere,

At

At least in vain, for they ſhall find thee mute.
God hath now ſent his loving Oracle
Into the World to teach his final will,
And ſends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
To all truth requiſite for men to know.

So ſpake our Saviour; but the ſubtle Fiend,
Though inly ſtung with anger and diſdain,
Diſſembled, and this Anſwer ſmooth return'd.

Sharply thou haſt inſiſted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But miſery hath wreſted from me; where
Eaſily canſt thou find one miſerable,
And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth,
If it may ſtand him more in ſtead to lye,
Say and unſay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muſt ſubmiſs endure
Check or reproof, and glad t'eſcape ſo quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue diſcours'd, pleaſing to th' ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes)
And talk at leaſt, though I deſpair t'attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wiſe and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Prieſt
To tread his Sacred Courts, and miniſter
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchſaf'd his voice
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inſpir'd; diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her ſullen wings to double-ſhade
The Deſart, Fowls in their clay neſts were couch'd;
And now wild Beaſts came forth the Woods to roam.

The End of the Firſt Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expresly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now missing him their Joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might only be shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost *Elijah*, so in each place these

Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jericho*
The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* old,
Machærus, and each Town or City wall'd
On this ſide the broad lake *Genezaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek,
Where Winds with Reeds and Oſiers whiſp'ring play,
Plain Fiſhermen, no greater men them call,
Cloſe in a Cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out breath'd.
Alas, from that high hope to what relapſe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our Eyes beheld
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wiſdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for ſure, deliverance is at hand,
The Kingdom ſhall to *Iſrael* be reſtor'd:
Thus we rejoic'd, but ſoon our Joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of *Iſrael*,
Send thy Meſſiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of th' Earth how they oppreſs
Thy choſen, to what height their Pow'r unjuſt
They have exalted, and behind them caſt
All fear of thee; ariſe and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke:
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him
By his great Prophet, pointed at and ſhown
In publick, and with him we have converſ'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail,

Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal,
Mock us with his bleſt ſight, then ſnatch him hence:
Soon we ſhall ſee our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope reſume
To find whom at the firſt they found unſought;
But to his Mother *Mary*, when ſhe ſaw
Others return'd from Baptiſm, not her Son,
Nor left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none;
Within her breaſt, though calm; her breaſt, though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which ſhe in ſighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that ſalute,
Hail highly favour'd, among Women bleſt;
While I to ſorrows am no leſs advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other Women, by the birth I bore;
In ſuch a ſeaſon born when ſcarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to ſhelter him or me
From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his, yet ſoon enforc'd to fly
Thence into *Egypt*, till the murd'rous King
Were dead, who ſought his life, and miſſing fill'd
With Infant-blood the ſtreets of *Bethlehem*;
From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By *John* the Baptiſt, and in publick ſhown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice:
I look'd for ſome great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain foretold,

That

That to the fall and riſing he ſhould be
Of many in *Iſrael*, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very Soul
A ſword ſhall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſt;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? ſome great intent
Conceals him: when twelve Years he ſcarce had ſeen,
I loſt him, but ſo found, as well I ſaw
He could not loſe himſelf; but went about
His Father's buſineſs; what he meant I mus'd,
Since underſtand; much more his Abſence now
Thus long to ſome great purpoſe he obſcures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a ſtore-houſe long of things
And ſayings laid up, portending ſtrange events.

Thus *Mary* pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſs'd
Since firſt her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Deſart wild,
Sole, but with holieſt Meditations fed,
Into himſelf deſcended, and at once
All his great work to come before him ſet;
How to begin, how to accompliſh beſt
His end of being on Earth, and Miſſion high.
For Satan with ſly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with ſpeed was gone
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council ſate;
There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes,

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new troubles; such an Enemy
Is risen to invade us, whom no less
Threatens our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Than when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
Though *Adam* by his Wife's allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by Mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise
Deceive you to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest Spirit that fell,
The sensualest, and, after *Asmodai*,
The fleshliest Incubus; and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each Region passing fair
As the noon Sky; more like to Goddesses
Than mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting Tongues
Persuasive, Virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them, tangl'd in amorous Nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self, because of old
Thou thy self doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace.
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
False-titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'dst,
In Wood or Grove by mossy Fountain side,
In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay
Some Beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,

Daphne,

Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
Too long, then lay'dst thy ſcapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But theſe haunts
Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a ſmile made ſmall account
Of beauty and her lures, eaſily ſcorn'd
All her aſſaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that *Pellean* Conqueror,
A Youth, how all the Beauties of the Eaſt
He ſlightly view'd, and ſlightly overpaſs'd;
How he ſirnam'd of *Africa* diſmiſs'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid.
For *Solomon*, he liv'd at eaſe, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher deſign than to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiſer far
Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
Made and ſet wholly on th' accompliſhment
Of greateſt things; what Woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leiſure will vouchafe an eye
Of fond deſire? or ſhould ſhe confident,
As ſitting Queen ador'd on Beauty's Throne,
Deſcend with all her winning charms begirt
T'enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
Wrought that effect on *Jove*, ſo Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majeſtick brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Diſcount'nance her deſpis'd, and put to rout
All her array, her female pride deject,
Or turn to rev'rent awe? for Beauty ſtands

In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; ceaſe t' admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſht:
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praiſe,
Rocks whereon greateſt Men have often wreck'd;
Or that which only ſeems to ſatisfy
Lawful deſires of Nature, not beyond.
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wild Wilderneſs;
The reſt commit to me, I ſhall let paſs
No advantage, and his ſtrength as oft aſſay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a choſen band
Of Spirits likeſt to himſelf in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cauſe were to unfold ſome active Scene
Of various Perſons each to know his part:
Then to the Deſart takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the Son of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hungring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid:

Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſs'd
Wandring this woody Maze, and human food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite, that Faſt
To Virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God ſupport Nature without repaſt
Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what ſhe asks; yet God

Can satisfy that need some other way,
Tho' hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;
He thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood
And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing even and morn,
Tho' rav'nous, taught t' abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled
Into the Desert, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awak'd,
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his Pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the Prospect round,

If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he ſaw,
Only 'n a bottom ſaw a pleaſant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds reſounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To reſt at noon, and enter'd ſoon the ſhade
High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midſt a woody Scene;
Nature's own work it ſeem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a ſuperſtitious Eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
When ſuddenly a Man before him ſtood,
(Not ruſtic as before, but ſeemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred)
And with fair ſpeech theſe words to him addreſs'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild ſolitude ſo long ſhould bide,
Of all things deſtitute, and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of ſome note,
As ſtory tells, have trod this Wilderneſs;
The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son,
Out-caſt *Nebaioth*, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of *Iſrael* here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n Manna, and that Prophet bold
Native of *Thebes* wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat;
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed.

To whom thus Jeſus: What conclud'ſt thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou ſeeſt have none.

How

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd;
Tell me if Food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend?
Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, nor offer'd first
To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want opprest? Behold
Nature asham'd, or, better to express,
Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord,
With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream; for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A Table richly spread, in Regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
In Pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
Freshet, or purling Brook, or shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coast.
Alas, how simple, to these Cates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve*!
And at a stately side-board by the wine

That fragrant ſmell diffus'd, in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths, rich clad, of fairer hue
Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas*; diſtant more
Under the Trees now tripp'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of *Diana*'s train, and *Naiades*
With fruits and flow'rs from *Amalthea*'s horn,
And Ladies of th' *Heſperides*, that ſeem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd ſince
Of Fairy Damſels met in foreſt wide
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot, or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*.
And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
Of chyming ſtrings, or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentleſt gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
From their ſoft wings, and *Flora*'s earlieſt ſmells.
Such was the ſplendor; and the Tempter now
His Invitation earneſtly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to ſit and eat?
Theſe are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of theſe Viands pure;
Their taſte no knowledge works at leaſt of evil,
But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with ſweet reſtorative delight.
All theſe are Spirits of Air, and Wood, and Springs,
Thy gentle Miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'ſt thou Son of God? ſit down and eat.

To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd:
Saidſt thou not, that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?

I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of Angels miniſtrant
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t' attend:
Why ſhould'ſt thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have alſo pow'r to give, thou ſeeſt;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need;
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe,
Whoſe pains have earn'd the far-fetcht ſpoil. With that
Both Table and Proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe Words his Temptation purſu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides;
For no allurement yields to appetite:
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe.
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy ſelf

Bred up in poverty and ſtraits at home,
Loſt in a Deſert here, and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs? whence Authority deriv'ſt?
What Followers, what Retinue canſt thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
Longer than thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Mony brings Honour, Friends, Conqueſt and Realms.
What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,
And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Judah*'s Throne,
Thy Throne, but Gold that got him puiſſant Friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'ſt arrive,
Get Riches firſt, get Wealth, and Treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wiſdom ſit and want.

To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd:
Yet Wealth without theſe three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd;
Witneſs thoſe antient Empires of the Earth,
In height of all their flowing wealths diſſolv'd:
But men endu'd with theſe, have oft attain'd
In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd Lad,
Whoſe Offspring on the Throne of *Judah* ſat
So many Ages, and ſhall yet regain
That Seat, and reign in *Iſrael* without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy Memorial) canſt thou not remember
Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor,

Who

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and Realms? yet not, for that a Crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem.
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies:
For therein stands the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to Anarchy within,
Or lawless Passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide Nations in the way of truth
By saving Doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more Kingly; this attracts the Soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part:
That other o'er the body only reigns;
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a Kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs, then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a Sceptre, ofteſt better miſs'd,

The End of the Second Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO ſpake the Son of God; and Satan ſtood
A while as mute, confounded what to ſay,
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift:
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts.

I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know,
What beſt to ſay canſt ſay, to do canſt do:
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should Kings and Nations, from thy mouth conſult,
Thy Counſel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, thoſe oraculous gems
On *Aaron*'s breaſt, or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou ſought to deeds

That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These God-like Virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage Wilderness? wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy Acts, thy self
The fame and glory; glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
Of *Macedonian Philip* had ere these
Won *Asia*, and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
At his dispose; young *Scipio* had brought down
The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd
The *Pontic* King, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For Empire's sake, nor Empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of Fame,
The People's praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the People but a herd confus'd,

A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd ſcarce worth the praiſe?
They praiſe and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extol'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be deſpis'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his Angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes; thus he did to *Job*,
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth
(As thou to thy reproach may'ſt well remember)
He aſk'd thee, haſt thou ſeen my Servant *Job*?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err, who count it glorious to ſubdue
By Conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battles win,
Great Cities by aſſault. What do theſe Worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their Conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſo'er they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy;
Then ſwell with Pride, and muſt be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worſhipp'd with Temple, Prieſt and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,

Till Conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward?
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job*?
Poor *Socrates*, (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame
His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain Men seek,
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, not content in Heav'n
By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,

Or

Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foe pronounc'd glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable t'ev'ry soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning what would likeliest render
Contempt in stead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompence, unsutable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God: and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all:
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.

Of

Of glory, as thou wilt, ſaid he, ſo deem,
Worth or not worth their ſeeking, let it paſs:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To ſit upon thy Father *David's* Throne,
By Mother's ſide thy Father; though thy right
Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part
Eaſily from poſſeſſion won with arms.
Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a Province under *Roman* yoke,
Obeys *Tiberius*: nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate ſway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'ſt thou to regain
Thy right by ſitting ſtill, or thus retiring?
So did not *Machabæus*: he indeed
Retir'd unto the Deſert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty King ſo oft prevail'd,
That by ſtrong hand his Family obtain'd,
Tho' Prieſts, the Crown, and *David's* Throne uſurp'd,
With *Modin* and her ſuburbs once content.
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not ſlow,
But on Occaſion's forelock watchful wait:
They themſelves rather are occaſion beſt;
Zeal of thy Father's houſe, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen ſervitude;
So ſhalt thou beſt fulfil, beſt verify
The Prophets old, who ſung thy endleſs reign,
The happier reign the ſooner it begins:
Reign then; what canſt thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour anſwer thus return'd.
All things are beſt fulfill'd in their due time,

And

And time there is for all things, Truth hath ſaid:
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
The Father in his purpoſe hath decreed,
He in whoſe hand all times and ſeaſons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I ſhall firſt
Be try'd in humble ſtate, and things adverſe,
By tribulations, injuries, inſults,
Contempts, and ſcorns, and ſnares, and violence,
Suffering, abſtaining, quietly expecting,
Without diſtruſt or doubt, that he may know
What I can ſuffer, how obey? Who beſt
Can ſuffer, beſt can do; beſt reign, who firſt
Well hath obey'd; juſt trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlaſting Kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquiſition?
Know'ſt thou not that my riſing is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy deſtruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is loſt
Of my reception into grace; what worſe?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worſe, the expectation more
Of worſe torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worſt; worſt is my Port,
My harbour and my ultimate repoſe,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime: whatever, for it ſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd; whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,

From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil ſtate,
Would ſtand between me and thy Father's ire.
(Whoſe ire I dread more than the Fire of Hell)
A ſhelter, and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummer's cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſte,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thyſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhould'ſt be their King?
Perhaps thou lingreſt, in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterprize ſo hazardous and high;
No wonder; for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider,
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent
At home, ſcarce view'd the *Galilean* Towns,
And once a-year *Jeruſalem*, few days
Short ſojourn; and what thence could'ſt thou obſerve?
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt in ſight
In all things that to greateſt Actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Tim'rous and loth, with novice modeſty,
(As he who ſeeking Aſſes found a Kingdom)
Irreſolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
But I will bring thee where thou ſoon ſhalt quit
Thoſe rudiments, and ſee before thine eyes
The Monarchies of th'Earth, their pomp and ſtate,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thy ſelf ſo apt, in regal Arts,
And regal Myſteries, that thou may'ſt know
How beſt their oppoſition to withſtand.

With

With that (ſuch pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
It was a Mountain, at whoſe verdant feet
A ſpacious plain, out-ſtretch'd in circuit wide,
Lay pleaſant; from his ſide two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, the other ſtraight, and left between
Fair Champain with leſs rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea;
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oil and wine,
With herds the paſtures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge Cities and high-tower'd, that well might ſeem
The ſeats of mightieſt Monarchs, and ſo large
The Proſpect was, that here and there was room
For barren deſert fountainleſs and dry.
To this high mountain's top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we ſpeeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Foreſt and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her Empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the *Caſpian* lake, thence on
As far as *Indus* Eaſt, *Euphrates* Weſt,
And oft beyond; to South the *Perſian* Bay,
And inacceſſible th' *Arabian* drought:
Here *Nineveh*, of length within her wall
Sev'ral days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
Of that firſt golden Monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of *Salmanaſſar*, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father *David*'s houſe
Led captive, and *Jeruſalem* laid waſte,

Till

Till *Cyrus* ſet them free; *Perſepolis*,
His City, there thou ſeeſt, and *Bactra* there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhews,
And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates;
There *Suſa* by *Choaſpes*, amber ſtream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by *Emathian* or by *Parthian* hands,
The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Cteſiphon*,
Turning with eaſy eye thou may'ſt behold.
All theſe the *Parthian*, now ſome Ages paſt,
By great *Arſaces* led, who founded firſt
That Empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
And juſt in time thou com'ſt to have a view
Of his great Pow'r; for now the *Parthian* King
In *Cteſiphon* hath gather'd all his Hoſt
Againſt the *Scythian*, whoſe Incurſions wild
Have waſted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
He marches now in haſte; ſee, though from far,
His thouſands, in what Martial-equipage
They iſſue forth! ſteel bows, and ſhafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in purſuit;
All Horſemen, in which fight they moſt excel:
See how in warlike Muſter they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings!

He lookt and ſaw what numbers numberleſs
The City-gates out-pour'd, light-armed Troops
In coats of Mail and Military pride;
In Mail their horſes clad, yet fleet and ſtrong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From *Arachoſia*, from *Gandaor* Eaſt,
And *Margiana* to the *Hircanian* cliffs

Of

Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
From *Atropatia* and the neighb'ring plains
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South
Of *Susiana*, to *Balsara*'s haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight.
The field, all Iron, cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorst with Tow'rs
Of Archers, nor of lab'ring Pioneers,
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggons fraught with Utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a Camp,
When *Agrican* with all his Northern pow'rs
Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell,
The City of *Gallaphrone*, from whence to win
The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*,
His daughter, sought by many prowest Knights,
Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemaine*.
Such and so numerous was their Chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn
All this fair sight: thy Kingdom though foretold,

By

By Prophet or by Angel, unleſs thou
Endeavour as thy Father *David* did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means;
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But ſay thou wert poſſeſs'd of *David*'s Throne
By free conſent of all, none oppoſite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'ſt thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and ſecure,
Between two ſuch incloſing enemies,
Roman, and *Parthian*? therefore one of theſe
Thou muſt make ſure thy own, the *Parthian* firſt,
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invaſion to annoy
Thy Country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrcanus* bound,
Maugre the *Roman*: it ſhall be my taſk
To render thee the *Parthian* at diſpoſe;
Chooſe which thou wilt by conqueſt or by league.
By him thou ſhalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinſtal thee
In *David*'s royal Seat, his true Succeſſor,
Deliv'rance of thy brethren, thoſe ten Tribes
Whoſe offſpring in his Territory yet ſerve
In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* diſpers'd.
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joſeph*, loſt
Thus long from *Iſrael*; ſerving, as of old
Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* ſerv'd,
This offer ſets before thee to deliver.
Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
From *Egypt* to *Euphrates*, and beyond
Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cæſar* not need fear.

To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus unmov'd:
Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragile arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou'ſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plauſible to the World, to me worth naught.
Means I muſt uſe thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better fartheſt off) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
Thy politick maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of War there ſhewn me, argument
Of human weakneſs rather than of ſtrength.
My Brethren as thou call'ſt them, thoſe ten Tribes
I muſt deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full Sceptre ſway
To juſt extent over all *Iſrael*'s Sons.
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For *Iſrael*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
When thou ſtood'ſt up his Tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring *Iſrael*, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand *Iſraelites*
By three days Peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To *Iſrael* then, the ſame that now to me.
As for thoſe captive Tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worſhip Calves, the Deities
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Aſhtaroth*;
And all th' Idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides their other worſe than heath'niſh crimes;

Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themſelves, or penitent beſought
The God of their Foreſathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, diſtinguiſhable ſcarce
From Gentiles, but by Circumciſion vain,
And God with Idols in their Worſhip join'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong wou'd follow; and to their Gods perhaps
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them ſerve
Their enemies, who ſerve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Remembring *Abraham*, by ſome wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave th' *Aſſyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſte;
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their Fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So ſpake *Iſrael*'s true King, and to the Fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falſhood contends.

The end of the Third Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad ſucceſs
The Tempter ſtood, nor had what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the perſuaſive Rhetoric
That ſleek'd his tongue, and won ſo much on *Eve*,
So little here, nay loſt; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who ſelf-deceiv'd
And raſh, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach'd where leaſt he thought,
To ſave his credit, and for very ſpight
Still will be tempting him who foyls him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more;
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage-time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet moſt is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound;
Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock,
Though all to ſhivers daſh'd, th' aſſault renew,

Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever, and to ſhameful ſilence brought,
Yet gives not o'er though deſp'rate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues.
He brought our Saviour to the weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Waſh'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That ſcreen'd the fruits of th' earth and ſeats of men
From cold *Septentrion* blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an Imperial City ſtood,
With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate
On ſev'n ſmall Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the height of Mountains interpos'd.
By what ſtrange Parallax or Optick skill
Of Viſion multiply'd through Air, or Glaſs
Of Teleſcope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his ſilence broke.

The City which thou ſeeſt no other deem
Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enricht
Of Nations: there the Capitol thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the *Tarpeian* Rock, her Citadel
Impregnable; and their Mount *Palatine*
Th' Imperial Palace, compaſs huge and high
The Structure, skill of nobleſt Architects,
With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,

Turrets

Turrets and Terrases, and glitt'ring Spires.
Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
My Airy Microscope) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on th' *Emilian*, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;
From th' *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
From *India* and the golden *Chersoness*,
And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*,
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd;
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *British* West,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
To *Rome*'s great Emperor, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, Wealth and Pow'r,
Civility of Manners, Arts and Arms,
And long renown thou justly may'st prefer
Before the *Parthian*; these two Thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all

The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.
This Emp'ror hath no Son, and now is old,
Old and laſcivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
To *Capreæ* an Iſland ſmall but ſtrong
On the *Campanian* ſhore, with purpoſe there
His horrid luſts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him ſuſpicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what eaſe
Indu'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
Mightſt thou expel this Monſter from his Throne
Now made a ſtye, and in his place aſcending
A victor, people free from ſervile yoke?
And with my help thou may'ſt; to me the pow'r
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs than all the world,
Aim at the higheſt, without the higheſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting or not long
On *David*'s Throne, be propheſy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth his grandeur and majeſtick ſhow
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
Much leſs my mind; though thou ſhouldſt add to tell
Their ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* ſtone,
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read)
Their Wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Creet*, and how they quaff in Gold,
Cryſtal and Myrrhine cups imboſs'd with Gems
And ſtuds of Pearl, to me ſhou'dſt tell who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then Embaſſies thou ſhew'ſt
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,

But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
Of th' Emperor, how easily subdu'd,
How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormenter Conscience find him out,
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That People victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
But lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily Scene effeminate,
What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my season comes to sit
On *David*'s Throne, it shall be like a tree,
Spreading and overshad'wing all the Earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All Monarchies besides throughout the World,
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:
I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:

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Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than ſtill to contradict;
On th' other ſide know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle; yet with this reſerve, not elſe,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperior Lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?

Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain:
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers leſs,
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou haſt permiſſion on me. It is written
The firſt of all Commandments, Thou ſhalt worſhip
The Lord thy God, and only him ſhalt ſerve;
And dar'ſt thou to the Son of God propound
To worſhip thee accurſt, now more accurſt
For this Attempt, bolder than that on *Eve*,
And more blaſphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee uſurp'd,
Other donation none thou canſt produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all Supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is loſt
Long ſince. Wert thou ſo void of fear or ſhame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,

To me my own, on ſuch abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worſhip thee as God:
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'ſt
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abaſht reply'd.
Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God;
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher ſort
Than theſe thou bear'ſt that title, have propos'd
What both from men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beſides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art whoſe coming is foretold
To me ſo fatal, me it moſt concerns,
The trial hath endamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more eſteem;
Me naught advantag'd, miſſing what I aim'd.
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more
Adviſe thee, gain them as thou can'ſt, or not.
And thou thy ſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd
Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound diſpute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When ſlipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'ſt
Alone into the Temple, there was found
Among the graveſt Rabbies diſputant
On points and queſtions fitting *Moſes'* Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhews the man,
As morning ſhews the day. Be famous then
By wiſdom; as thy Empire muſt extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend;

All Knowledge is not couch'd in *Moses'* Law,
The *Pentateuch*, or what the Prophets wrote,
The *Gentiles* also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the *Gentiles* much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.
Look once more ere we leave this specular Mount
Westward, much nearer by South-west, behold
Where on th' *Ægean* shore a City stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,
There flow'ry hill *Hymettus* with the sound
Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rolls
His whisp'ring stream; within the walls then view
The Schools of ancient Sages; his who bred
Great *Alexander* to subdue the World,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind *Melesigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,

Whose

Whoſe Poem *Phœbus* challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers beſt
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
In brief ſententious precepts while they treat
Of fate and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high paſſions beſt deſcribing:
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Thoſe ancient, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,
Shook th'Arſenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*
To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes'* Throne.
To ſage Philoſophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n deſcended to the low-rooft houſe
Of *Socrates*, ſee there his Tenement,
Whom well inſpir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
Wiſeſt of men; from whoſe mouth iſſu'd forth
Mellifluous ſtreams that water'd all the Schools
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe
Sirnam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* ſevere.
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;
Theſe rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy ſelf, much more with Empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour ſagely thus reply'd.
Think not, but that I know theſe things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I ſhort
Of knowing what I aught; he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But theſe are falſe, or little elſe but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The firſt and wiſeſt of them all profeſs'd

To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and ſmooth conceits;
A third ſort doubted all things, though plain ſenſe;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleaſure he, and careleſs eaſe:
The Stoic laſt in Philoſophic pride
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wiſe, perfect in himſelf, and all poſſeſſing
Equal to God, oft ſhames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleaſure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he liſts, he leaves, or boaſts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boaſt,
Or ſubtle ſhifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not miſ-lead;
Ignorant of themſelves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himſelf, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardleſs quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore ſeeks in theſe
True wiſdom, finds her not, or by deluſion
Far worſe, her falſe reſemblance only meets
An empty cloud. However many books
Wiſe men have ſaid are weariſom; who reads
Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
A ſpirit and judgment equal or ſuperior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elſewhere ſeek)
Uncertain and unſettled ſtill remains
Deep verſt in books and ſhallow in himſelf,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And trifles for choice matters, worth a ſpunge;
As Children gath'ring pebbles on the ſhore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Muſic or with Poem, where ſo ſoon
As in our native Language can I find
That ſolace? All our Law and Story ſtrew'd
With Hymns, our Pſalms with artful terms inſcrib'd,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,
That pleas'd ſo well our Victors ear, declare
That rather *Greece* from us theſe arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudeſt ſing
The vices of their Deities, and their own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, ſo perſonating
Their Gods ridiculous, and themſelves paſt ſhame.
Remove the ſwelling Epithets thick laid
As varniſh on a Harlot's cheek; the reſt,
Thin ſown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With *Sion*'s ſongs, to all true taſts excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men
The Holieſt of Holies, and his Saints:
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee;
Unleſs where moral virtue is expreſs'd
By light of Nature not in all quite loſt.
Their Orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of Eloquence, Statiſts indeed,
And lovers of their Country, as may ſeem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of Civil Government
In their Majeſtic unaffected ſtile
Than all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it ſo,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
Theſe only with our Law beſt form a King.

So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs, for all his darts were ſpent,
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleaſes thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What doſt thou in this World? the Wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember
What I foretel thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never hadſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which would have ſet thee in ſhort time with eaſe
On *David's* Throne, or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon
When Prophecies of thee are beſt fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or ſingle Characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell,
Sorrows and labours, oppoſition, hate,
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death;
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I diſcern not,
Nor when, eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date perfixt,
Directs me in the Starry Rubric ſet.

So ſaying he took (for ſtill he knew his Pow'r
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,

Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in lowring night
Her ſhad'wy offſpring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation meer of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd ſore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concourſe of ſhades
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwin'd might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head,
But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep, and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the Clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt Oaks
Bow'd their ſtiff necks, loaden with ſtormy blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtoodſt
Unſhaken; nor yet ſtaid the terror there,
Infernal Ghoſts, and Helliſh Furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'ſt unappall'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim ſteps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or drooping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn:
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all his miſchief done,
The Prince of darkneſs, glad would alſo ſeem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were ſpent,
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſp'rate of better courſe, to vent his rage,
And mad deſpight to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the North and Weſt by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he ſtarts in wonted ſhape,
And in a careleſs mood thus to him ſaid.

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a diſmal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Sky would mingle; but my ſelf
Was diſtant; and theſe flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n,
Or to the Earth's dark baſis underneath,
Are to the main as inconſiderable,
And harmleſs, if not wholſom, as a ſneeze
To man's leſs univerſe, and ſoon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beaſt, plant, waſtful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whoſe heads they roar, and ſeem to point,
They oft fore-ſignify and threaten ill:
This Tempeſt at this Deſert moſt was bent;

Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ſt.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didſt reject
The perfect ſeaſon offer'd with my aid
To win thy deſtin'd ſeat, but wilt prolong
All to the puſh of Fate, purſue thy way
Of gaining *David*'s Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities, and pains,
Ere thou of *Iſrael*'s Sceptre get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that cloſ'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a ſure foregoing ſign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And ſtaid not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.

Me worſe than wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrors which thou ſpeak'ſt of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noiſing loud
And threatning nigh, what they can do as ſigns
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I ſhall reign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At leaſt might ſeem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious ſpirit, and would'ſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; deſiſt, thou art diſcern'd
And toil'ſt in vain, nor me in vain moleſt.

To whom the Fiend now ſwoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold
By all the' Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by *Gabriel* with the firſt I knew,
And of th' Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung thee Saviour born,
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan*, whither all
Flock'd to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower ſcrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no ſingle ſenſe;
The Son of God I alſo am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation ſtands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In ſome reſpect far higher ſo declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footſteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee ſtill on to this waſte wild;
Where by all beſt conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reaſon then, if I before-hand ſeek
To underſtand my Adverſary, who
And what he is; his wiſdom, pow'r, intent,
By parl, or compoſition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, ſift thee, and confeſs have found thee

Proof

Proof againſt all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To th' utmoſt of meer man both wiſe and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I muſt now begin.

So ſaying he caught him up, and without wing
Of *Hippogrif* bore through the Air ſublime
Over the Wilderneſs and o'er the Plain;
Till underneath them fair *Jeruſalem*,
The holy City lifted high her Tow'rs,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaſter, top'd with Golden Spires:
There on the higheſt Pinnacle he ſet
The Son of God; and added thus in ſcorn:

There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright
Will aſk thee ſkill; I to thy Father's houſe
Have brought thee, and higheſt plac'd, higheſt is beſt,
Now ſhew thy Progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thy ſelf down; ſafely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They ſhall up lift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.

To whom thus Jeſus: Alſo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God; he ſaid and ſtood,
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell,
As when Earth's Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in *Iraſſa* ſtrove

With *Jove*'s *Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' Air, expir'd and fell:
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
And as that *Theban* Monster that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
Cast herself headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep;
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
Joyless Triumphals of his hop'd success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy Vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spred
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
And from the fount of Life Ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst: and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd

In

In fleſhly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the Wilderneſs, whatever place,
Habit or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
Againſt th'Attempter of thy Father's Throne,
And Thief of Paradiſe; him long of old
Thou didſt debel, and down from Heaven caſt
With all his Army, now thou haſt aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, hath regain'd loſt Paradiſe;
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In Paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For *Adam* and his choſen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-inſtal
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be,
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, ſhalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou ſhalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound
By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold'ſt in Hell
No triumph; in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with aw
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chaſe thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they ſhall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Leſt he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment ſent before their time.
Hail Son of the moſt High, heir of both Worlds,

Queller

Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heav'nly Feaſt refreſht
Brought on his way with joy; he unobſerv'd
Home to his mother's houſe private return'd.

THE END.

Samson Agonistes,

A

Dramatick Poem.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ *&c.* Per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

Of that sort of Dramatic POEM *which is call'd* TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those Passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in Physick things of melancholick hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle St. *Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* xv. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings, and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour

nour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own Judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinisht. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitled, *Christ suffering*: This is mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the Poet's error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much may before-hand be Epistl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduced after the *Greek* manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and Fame. The measure of Verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the *Greeks Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided

vided into Stanza's or Pauſes, they may be called *Allæoſtropha*. Diviſion into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It ſuffices if the whole Drama be found not produced beyond the fifth Act, of the ſtyle and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but ſuch œconomy, or diſpoſition of the fable as may ſtand beſt with veriſimilitude and decorum: they only will beſt judge who are not unacquainted with *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the beſt rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumſcription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule and beſt example, within the ſpace of 24 hours.

The ARGUMENT.

SAmson *made Captive, Blind, and now in the prison at* Gaza, *there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival-day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father* Manoa, *who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the* Philistines *as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of* Samson, *which yet more troubles him.* Manoa *then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the* Philistian *Lords for* Samson's *Redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly, by a public Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public Officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second*

time

time with great threatnings to fetch him ; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa *returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his Son's deliverance : in the midst of which discourse an* Hebrew *comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what* Samson *had done to the* Philistines, *and by accident to himself ; wherewith the Tragedy ends.*

The PERSONS.

Samson.

Manoa, *the Father of* Samson.

Dalila *his Wife*.

Harapha *of* Gath.

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus *of* Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAmſ. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or ſhade,
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toil,
Daily in the common Priſon elſe enjoin'd me,
Where I a Pris'ner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The Air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholſome draught; but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n freſh blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn Feaſt the people hold
To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this reſt
Their Superſtition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the pop'lar noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm
Of hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent

Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an Angel; who at laſt in ſight
Of both my Parents all in flames aſcended
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His God-like preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham*'s race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
Made of my Enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task,
With his Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? O glorious ſtrength
Put to the labour of a beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bondſlave! Promiſe was that I
Should *Iſrael* from *Philiſtian* yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in *Gaza* at the Mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under *Philiſtian* yoke.
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine Prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but my ſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the Seal of Silence could not keep,
But weakly to a Woman muſt reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom, vaſt, unwieldy, burthenſome,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties, not made to rule,

But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command.
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhew withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
But Peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many, and ſo huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among Enemies, O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me,
They creep, yet ſee, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipſe
Without all hope of day!
O firſt created beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And ſilent as the Moon
When ſhe deſerts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life it ſelf, if it be true

That light is in the Soul,
She all in ev'ry part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
So obvious and ſo eaſy to be quench'd,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That ſhe might look at will through ev'ry pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
As in the land of darkneſs yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miſerable!
My ſelf, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of Life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet ſteering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to ſtare
At my affliction, and perhaps t' inſult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; ſoftly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought or belief!
See how he lies at random, careleſly diffus'd,
With languiſh'd head unpropt,
As one paſt hope, abandon'd,
And by himſelf given over?
In ſlaviſh habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and ſoil'd;
Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That Heroick, that Renown'd,

Irreſiſtible

Irreſiſtible *Samſon*; whom unarm'd [ſtand?
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt could with-
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,
And weaponleſs himſelf,
Made Arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuiraſs,
Chalybean-temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But ſafeſt he who ſtood aloof,
When inſupportably his foot advanc'd,
In ſcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Aſcalonite*
Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling ſoil'd their creſted helmets in the duſt.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The Jaw of a dead Aſs, his ſword of bone,
A thouſand foreskins fell, the flow'r of *Paleſtin*,
In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up and on his ſhoulders bore
The Gates of *Azza*, Poſt, and maſſy bar
Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, ſeat of Giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded ſo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail,
Thy Bondage or loſt Sight,
Priſon within Priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The Dungeon of thy ſelf; thy Soul [plain'd)
(Which Men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe com-
Impriſon'd now indeed,
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light

T'incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no viſual beam.
O mirror of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example ſtands,
By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eſtate,
Whom long deſcent of birth
Or the ſphere of fortune raiſes;
But thee whoſe ſtrength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have ſubdu'd the Earth,
Univerſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes.

Samſ. I hear the ſound of words, their ſenſe the air
Diſſolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He ſpake, let us draw nigh. Matchleſs in might,
The glory late of *Iſrael*, now the grief,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From *Eſhtaol* and *Zora*'s fruitful Vale
To viſit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counſel or conſolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have pow'r to ſwage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as Balm to feſter'd wounds.

Samſ. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Superſcription (of the moſt
I would be underſtood) in proſp'rous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head

Not to be found, though ſought. Ye ſee, O friends,
How many evils have incloſ'd me round;
Yet that which was the worſt now leaſt afflicts me,
Blindneſs, for had I ſight, confus'd with ſhame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish Pilot have ſhipwreck'd
My Veſſel truſted to me from above,
Glorioully rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulg'd the ſecret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman? tell me, Friends,
Am I not ſung and proverb'd for a Fool
In ev'ry ſtreet, do they not ſay, how well
Are come upon him his deſerts? yet why?
Immeaſurable ſtrength they might behold
In me, of wiſdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other ſhould, at leaſt, have pair'd,
Theſe two proportion'd ill drove me tranſverſe.

Chor. Tax not divine diſpoſal, wiſeſt Men
Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;
And ſhall again, pretend they ne'er ſo wiſe.
Deject not then ſo overmuch thy ſelf,
Who haſt of ſorrow thy full load beſides;
Yet truth to ſay, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou ſhould'ſt wed *Philiſtian* Woman rather
Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
At leaſt of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Samſ. The firſt I ſaw at *Timna*, and ſhe pleas'd
Me, not my Parents, that I ſought to wed,
The daughter of an Infidel; they knew not
That what I mention'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulſe, and therefore urg'd
The Marriage on; that by occaſion hence
I might begin *Iſrael*'s Deliverance,

The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving falſe, the next I took to Wife
(O that I never had! fond wiſh too late,)
Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
That ſpecious Monſter, my accompliſht ſnare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the ſame end; ſtill watching to oppreſs
Iſrael's Oppreſſors: of what now I ſuffer
She was not the prime cauſe, but I my ſelf,
Who vanquiſht with a peal of words (O weakneſs!)
Gave up my fort of ſilence to a Woman.

Chor. In ſeeking juſt occaſion to provoke
The *Philiſtin*, thy Country's Enemy,
Thou never waſt remiſs, I bear thee witneſs:
Yet *Iſrael* ſtill ſerves with all his Sons.

Samſ. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On *Iſrael*'s Governors, and Heads of Tribes,
Who ſeeing thoſe great acts which God had done
Singly by me againſt their Conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all conſider'd
Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other ſide
Uſ'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themſelves, though mute, ſpoke loud the doer;
But they perſiſted deaf, and would not ſeem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their Lords the *Philiſtines* with gather'd pow'rs
Enter'd *Judea* ſeeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-caſting in what place
To ſet upon them what advantag'd beſt,
Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
The harraſs of their Land beſet me round;
I willingly on ſome conditions came

Into

Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds
Toucht with the flame: on their whole Hoſt I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choiceſt youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this poſſeſs'd the Tow'rs of *Gath*,
And lorded over them whom now they ſerve:
But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to ſervitude,
Than to love Bondage more than Liberty,
Bondage with eaſe than ſtrenuous Liberty;
And to deſpiſe, or envy, or ſuſpect
Whom God hath of his ſpecial favour rais'd
As their Deliv'rer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to deſert him, and at laſt
To heap ingratitude on worthieſt deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchleſs *Gideon* in purſuit
Of *Madian* and her vanquiſht Kings:
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worſe than by his ſhield and ſpear
Defended *Iſrael* from the *Ammonite*,
Had not his proweſs quell'd their pride
In that ſore battle, when ſo many dy'd
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Samſ. Of ſuch examples add me to the roll,
Me eaſily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not ſo.

Chor. Juſt are the ways of God,
And juſtifiable to Men;
Unleſs there be who thin not God at all,
If any be, they walk obſcure;
For of ſuch Doctrine never was their School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himſelf.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not juſt,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandring thought,
Regardleſs of his Glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.

As if they would confine th'interminable,
And tie him to his own preſcript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himſelf,
And hath full right t' exempt
Whom ſo it pleaſes him by choice
From National obſtriction, without taint
Of ſin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can beſt diſpenſe.

He would not elſe, who never wanted means,
Nor in reſpect of th' enemy juſt cauſe
To ſet his people free,
Have prompted this Heroick *Nazarite*
Againſt his vow of ſtricteſt purity,
To ſeek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
Unclean, unchaſte.

Down Reaſon then, at leaſt vain reaſoning down,
Though Reaſon here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
Unchaſte was ſubſequent, her ſtain not his.

But ſee here comes thy rev'rend Sire
With careful ſtep, Locks white as down,
Old *Manoah* : adviſe
Forthwith how thou ought'ſt to receive him.

Samſ. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' aſſault.

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, for ſuch ye ſeem,
Though in this uncouth place ; if old reſpect,
As I ſuppoſe, toward your once glory'd friend,
My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine caſt back with age
Came lagging after ; ſay if he be here.

Chor. As ſignal now in low dejected ſtate
As earſt in higheſt, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miſerable change ! is this the man,
That invincible *Samſon*, far renown'd
The dread of *Iſrael*'s foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their ſtreets,
None offering fight ; who ſingle combatant
Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an Army, now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpear's length. O ever-failing truſt
In mortal ſtrength ! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain ? Nay, what thing good

Pray'd

Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrennefs
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
Such a Son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my ftead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeft,
And as a bleffing with fuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts defirable, to tempt
Our earneft Pray'rs, then giv'n with folemn hand
As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' Angel twice defcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Enfnared, affaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy Foes derifion, Captive, Poor, and Blind,
Into a Dungeon thruft, to work with Slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath chofen once
To worthieft deeds, if he through frailty err,
He fhould not fo o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to fo foul indignities,
Be it but for honours fake of former deeds.

Samf. Appoint not heav'nly difpofition, Father,
Nothing of all thefe evils hath befall'n me
But juftly; I, my felf have brought them on,
Sole Author, I, fole caufe: if ought feem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The myftery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A *Canaanite*, my faithlefs enemy:
This well I knew, nor was at all furpriz'd
But warn'd by oft experience; did not fhe
Of *Timna* firft betray me, and reveal
The fecret wrefted from me in her height

Of

Of Nuptial love profeſt, carrying it ſtraight
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who alſo in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the ſcent conceiv'd
Her ſpurious firſt-born; Treaſon againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know:
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Than undiſſembled hate) with what contempt
She thought to make me Traitor to my ſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſtring all her wiles,
With blandiſht parleys, feminine aſſaults,
Tongue-batteries, ſhe ſurceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd
Might eaſily have ſhook off all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! ſervile mind
Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n.
Theſe rags, this grinding, is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degen'rately I ſerv'd.

Man. I cannot praiſe thy Marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou might'ſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our Foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure, our Foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over-potent charms
To violate the ſacred truſt of ſilence
Depoſited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more the burden of that fault;
Bitterly haſt thou paid, and ſtill art paying
That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains,
This day the *Philiſtines* a pop'lar Feaſt
Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim
Great Pomp and Sacrifice, and Praiſes loud
To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, *Samſon*, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a ſlain.
So *Dagon* ſhall be magnify'd, and God,
Beſides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Diſglorify'd, blaſphem'd, and had in ſcorn
By the Idolatrous rout amidſt their wine;
Which to have come to paſs by means of thee,
Samſon, of all thy ſufferings think the heavieſt,
Of all reproach the moſt with ſhame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy Father's houſe.

Samſ. Father, I do acknowledge and confeſs
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praiſes high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought

Dif-

Diſhonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of Idoliſts, and Atheiſts; have brought ſcandal
To *Iſrael*, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propenſe enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
Which is my chief affliction, ſhame and ſorrow,
The anguiſh of my Soul, that ſuffers not
Mine eye to harbour ſleep, or thoughts to reſt.
This only hope relieves me, that the ſtrife
With me hath end; all the conteſt is now
'Twixt God and *Dagon*; *Dagon* hath preſum'd
Me overthrown, to enter liſts with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be ſure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will ariſe and his great Name aſſert:
Dagon muſt ſtoop, and ſhall ere long receive
Such a diſcomfit, as ſhall quite deſpoil him
Of all theſe boaſted Trophies won on me,
And with confuſion blank his Worſhippers.

Man. With cauſe this hope relieves thee, and theſe words
I as a Prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his Name
Againſt all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or *Dagon*. But for thee what ſhall be done?
Thou muſt not in the mean while here forgot
Lye in this miſerable loathſom plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To ſome *Philiſtian* Lords with whom to treat
About thy ranſom: well they may by this
Have ſatisfy'd their utmoſt of revenge

By pains and flav'ries, worfe than death, inflicted
On thee who now no more canft do them harm.

Samf. Spare that propofal, Father, fpare the trouble
Of that follicitation; let me here,
As I deferve, pay on my punifhment;
And expiate, if poffible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the fecrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deferving
Contempt and fcorn of all, to be excluded
All friendfhip, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool fet on his front? But I
God's Counfel have not kept, his holy fecret
Prefumptuoufly have publifh'd, impioufly,
Weakly at leaft, and fhamefully: A Sin
That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn
To their abyfs and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
Repent the fin, but if the punifhment
Thou canft avoid, felf-prefervation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high difpofal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thy felf: perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Beft pleas'd with humble and filial fubmiffion)
Him who imploring mercy fues for life,
Than who felf-rigorous chufes death as due;
Which argues over-juft, and felf-difpleas'd
For felf-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows
But God hath fet before us, to return thee

Home to thy country and his Sacred houſe,
Where thou may'ſt bring thy off'rings, to avert
His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

Samſ. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? when in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of acts indeed heroick, far beyond
The Sons of *Anack*, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softned with pleaſure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hollow pledge
Of all my ſtrength in the laſcivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine, who ſhore me
Like a tame Weather, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, deſpoil'd,
Shaven and diſarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldſt repreſs, nor did the dancing Ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the ſmell,
Or taſte that chears the hearts of Gods or Men,
Allure thee from the cool Cryſtalline ſtream.

Samſ. Where-ever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the Eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure,
With touch ætherial of Heav'ns fiery rod,

I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſht; nor envy'd them the grape
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madneſs, to think uſe of ſtrongeſt wines
And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, ſtrong above compare,
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samſ. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not compleat
Againſt another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the Foe
Effeminately vanquiſh'd? by which means,
Now blind, diſheartn'd, ſham'd, diſhonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to ſit idle on the Houſhold-hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to viſitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, theſe redundant locks
Robuſtious to no purpoſe cluſtring down,
Vain monument of ſtrength; till length of years
And ſedentary numbneſs craze my limbs
To a contemptible old Age obſcure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of ſervile food
Conſume me, and oft invocated death
Haſten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then ſerve *Philiſtians* with that gift
Which was expreſly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unimploy'd, with age out-worn.
But God who caus'd a Fountain at thy pray'r

From

From the dry ground to ſpring, thy thirſt t' allay
After the brunt of Battle, can as eaſy
Cauſe light again within thy eyes to ſpring,
Wherewith to ſerve him better than thou haſt;
And I perſuade me ſo; why elſe this ſtrength
Mirac'lous yet remaining in thoſe locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught,
Nor ſhall his wondrous gifts be fruſtrate thus.

Samſ. All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend,
That theſe dark Orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkneſs nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of herſelf;
My Race of Glory run, and race of Shame,
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them that reſt.

Man. Believe not theſe ſuggeſtions, which proceed
From anguiſh of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Muſt not omit a Father's timely care
To proſecute the means of thy deliverance
By ranſom, or how elſe: mean while be calm,
And healing words from theſe thy friends admit.

Samſ. O that torment ſhould not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and ſores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breaſt and reins;
But muſt ſecret paſſage find
To th' inmoſt mind,
There exerciſe all his fierce accidents,
And on her pureſt ſpirits prey,

As on entrails, joints and limbs
With anſwerable pains, but more intenſe,
Though void of corporal ſenſe.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring diſeaſe,
But finding no redreſs, ferment and rage,
Nor leſs than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and feſter, and gangreen,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly ſtings
Mangle my apprehenſive tendereſt parts,
Exaſperate, exulcerate, and raiſe
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can aſſwage,
Nor breath of vernal Air from ſnowy *Alp*.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumming Opium as my only cure,
Thence faintings, ſwoonings of deſpair,
And ſenſe of Heav'n's deſertion.

I was his nurſling once, and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by Heav'nly meſſage twice deſcending.
Under his ſpecial eye
Abſtemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Againſt the uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpleſs with th' irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of their cruelty or ſcorn.

Nor.

Nor am I in the liſt of them that hope;
Hopeleſs are all my evils, all remedileſs;
This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, ſpeedy death,
The cloſe of all my miſeries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the ſayings of the Wiſe
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life:
Conſolatories writ
With ſtudy'd argument, and much perſuaſion ſought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But to th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune,
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint,
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſource of conſolation from above,
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.

God of our Fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand ſo various,
Or might I ſay contrarious,
Temper'ſt thy providence through his ſhort courſe,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ſt
Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring looſe about,
Grow up and periſh, as the ſummer flie,
Heads without name no more remembred,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,

To ſome great work, thy glory,
And peoples ſafety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidſt their height of noon,
Changeſt thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
Of higheſt favours paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.

Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them high,
Unſeemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion,
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of heathen and prophane, their carcaſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd:
Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.
If theſe they 'ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuff'ring
The puniſhment of diſſolute days, in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt, alike ſeem miſerable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy ſtrength and mighty Miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in his ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,

That ſo bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately Ship
Of *Tarſus*, bound for th' Iſles
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber ſcent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;
Some rich *Philiſtian* Matron ſhe may ſeem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than *Dalila* thy Wife.

Samſ. My Wife, my Trayt'reſs, let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands and eyes thee fix'd.
About t' have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps,
And words addreſs'd ſeem tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her ſilk'n veil:
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, *Samſon*,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event that I foreſaw)
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, though my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt
Hath led me on deſirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate,
If aught in my ability may ſerve
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe

Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompenſe
My raſh, but more unfortunate miſdeed.

Samſ. Out, out *Hyæna*; theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of ev'ry woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try,
Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed skill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits;
That wiſeſt and beſt men full oft beguil'd,
With goodneſs principl'd not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miſerable days,
Entangl'd with a pois'nous boſom ſnake,
If not by quick deſtruction ſoon cut off,
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samſon*; not that I endeavour
To leſſen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other ſide if it be weigh'd
By itſelf, with aggravations not ſurcharg'd,
Or elſe with juſt allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if poſſible, thy pardon find
The eaſier towards me, or thy hatred leſs.
Firſt granting, as I do, it was a weakneſs
In me, but incident to all our ſex,
Curioſity, inquiſitive, importune
Of ſecrets, then with like infirmity
To publiſh them, both common female faults:

Was

Was it not weakneſs alſo to make known
For importunity, that is, for naught,
Wherein conſiſted all thy ſtrength and ſafety?
To what I did thou ſhew'dſt me firſt the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and ſhould not;
Nor ſhould'ſt thou have truſted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thy ſelf waſt cruel.
Let weakneſs then with weakneſs come to parl,
So near related, or the ſame of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me, than in thy ſelf was found.
And what if Love, which thou interpret'ſt hate,
The jealouſy of Love, powerful of ſway,
In human hearts, not leſs in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd leſt one day thou wou'dſt leave me
As her at *Timna*, ſought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw than by importuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my pow'r
Thy key of ſtrength and ſafety: thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe
Who tempted me, that nothing was deſign'd
Againſt thee but ſafe cuſtody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed;
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the *Philiſtins*,
Whole to my ſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love.
Theſe reaſons in Love's law have paſt for good,
Though fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps;

And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd :
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel.
If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,
In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

Samſ. How cunningly the Sorcereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine?
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th' example;
I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
I to my ſelf was falſe ere thou to me:
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou ſeeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather
Confeſs it feign'd, weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it, weakneſs to reſiſt
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,
What Murderer, what Traitor, Parricide,
Inceſtuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remiſſion,
But Love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfy thy luſt: Love ſeeks to have Love;
My love how couldſt thou hope, who took'ſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
Or by evaſions thy crime uncover'ſt more.

Dal. Since thou determin'ſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,

What

What ſieges girt me round, ere I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt reſolv'd of Men,
The conſtanteſt, to have yielded without blame.
It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,
That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the Magiſtrates
And Princes of my Country came in perſon,
Solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion, preſs'd how juſt it was,
How honourable, how glorious to entrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such Numbers of our Nation: and the Prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to enſnare an irreligious
Diſhonourer of *Dagon*: what had I
T' oppoſe againſt ſuch pow'rful Arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate;
And combated in ſilence all their reaſons
With hard conteſt: at length that grounded maxim,
So riſe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wiſeſt men; that to the publick good
Private reſpects muſt yield; with grave authority
Took full poſſeſſion of me, and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty ſo enjoining.

Samſ. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd Religion, ſmooth hypocriſy.
But had thy love, ſtill odiouſly pretended,
Been, as it ought, ſincere, it wou'd have taught thee
Far other reaſonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation choſe thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ſt,
Too well, unboſom'd all my ſecrets to thee,

Not out of levity, but over-pow'r'd
By thy requeſt, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. When then
Didſt thou at firſt receive me for thy Husband?
Then, as ſince then, thy country's foe profeſt:
Being once a Wife, for me thou waſt to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their ſubject,
Nor under their protection but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs; if aught againſt my life
Thy country ſought of thee, it ſought unjuſtly,
Againſt the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy Country, but an impious crew
Of men conſpiring to uphold their ſtate
By worſe than hoſtile deeds, violating the ends
For which our Country is a name ſo dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee:
To pleaſe thy Gods thou didſt it; Gods unable
T' acquit themſelves and proſecute their Foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own Deity, Gods they cannot be;
Leſs therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.
Theſe falſe pretexts and varniſh'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul muſt thou appear?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
Goes by the worſe, whatever be her cauſe.

Samſ. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witneſs when I was worried with thy peels.

Dal. I was a fool, too raſh, and quite miſtaken
In what I thought would have ſucceeded beſt.
Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, *Samſon*,
Afford me place to ſhew what recompence
Towards thee I intend for what I have miſdone,

Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
T' afflict thy self in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestick ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsom prison-house, t'abide
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Samso. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd;
So much of Adders wisdom I have learnt
To fence my ear against thy Sorceries.
If in my flow'r of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me:
How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will

In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This Gaol I count the House of Liberty
To thine, whose Doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of Matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,

With

With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falſhood moſt unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I moſt deſire,
In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Aſdod*, and in *Gath*
I ſhall be nam'd among the famouſeſt
Of Women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to ſave
Her country from a fierce deſtroyer, choſe
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours viſited and annual flow'rs,
Not leſs renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhoſpitable guile
Smote *Siſera* ſleeping through the Temples nail'd.
Nor ſhall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public Marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to have ſhewn.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifeſt Serpent by her ſting
Diſcover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samſ. So let her go, God ſent her to debaſe me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecreſy, my ſafety and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange pow'r,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once poſſeſt, nor can be eaſily
Repulſt, without much inward paſſion felt
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sams. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy chance
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd
As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old
That *Kariathaim* held, thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or listed field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sams. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the Field where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an Ass's Jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,

Or

Or let thy carcass where the Ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistin*
From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sams. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind Man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Sams. Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear
A Weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
I only with an Oak'n-staff will meet thee,
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath* to boast

Again in ſafety what thou wouldſt have done
To *Samſon*, but ſhalt never ſee *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms
Which greateſt Heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black enchantments, ſome Magician's art [Heav'n
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong, which thou from
Feign'dſt at thy Birth was given thee in thy Hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy Hairs
Were briſtles rang'd like thoſe that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.

Samſ. I know no Spells, uſe no forbidden Arts;
My truſt is in the living God, who gave me
At my Nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy god,
Go to his Temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemneſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe Magick ſpells,
Which I to be the pow'r of *Iſrael*'s God
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the teſt,
Off'ring to combat thee his Champion bold
With th'utmoſt of his Godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.

Har. Preſume not on thy God, what e'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them

To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee
Into the common Priſon, there to grind
Among the Slaves and Aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe, no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boyſtr'ous locks, no worthy match
For valour to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble Warriour, ſo to ſtain his honour,
But by the Barbers razor beſt ſubdu'd.

Samſ. All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon
Whoſe ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whoſe God is God,
Thine or whom I with *Iſrael*'s Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou doſt thy God, in truſting
He will accept thee to defend his cauſe,
A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

Samſ. Tongue-doughty Giant, how doſt thou prove [me theſe?

Har. Is not thy Nation ſubject to our Lords?
Their Magiſtrates confeſt it, when they took thee
As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadſt thou not committed
Notorious murder on thoſe thirty men
At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,
Then like a Robber ſtrip'dſt them of their robes?
The *Philiſtins*, when thou hadſt broke the league,

Went up with arm'd pow'rs thee only ſeeking,
To others did no violence nor ſpoil.

Samſ. Among the Daughters of the *Philiſtins*
I choſe a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
And in your City held my Nuptial Feaſt:
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and gueſts,
Appointed to await me thirty Spies,
Who threatning cruel death conſtrain'd the Bride
To wring from me and tell to them my ſecret,
That ſolv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all ſet on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
I us'd hoſtility, and took their ſpoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My Nation was ſubjected to your Lords;
It was the force of Conqueſt; force with force
Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can,
But I a private perſon, whom my Country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, preſum'd
Single Rebellion, and did hoſtile Acts.
I was no private but a perſon rais'd
With ſtrength ſufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my Country; if their ſervile minds
Me their deliverer ſent would not receive,
But to their Maſters gave me up for naught,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they ſerve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n aſſign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not diſabl'd me, not all your force:
Theſe ſhifts refuted, anſwer thy appellant
Though by his blindneſs maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to ſingle fight,
As a petty enterpriſe of ſmall enforce.

Har

Har. With thee, a man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
Due by the Law to capital puniſhment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samſ. Cam'ſt thou for this, vain boaſter, to ſurvey me,
To deſcant on my ſtrength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence ſo ſlight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand ſurvey not thee.

Ham. O *Baal-zebub!* can my ears unus'd
Hear theſe diſhonours, and not render death?

Samſ. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fiſt is free.

Har. This inſolence other kind of anſwer fits.

Samſ. Go baffl'd coward, leſt I run upon thee,
Though in theſe chains, bulk without ſpirit vaſt,
And with one buffet lay thy ſtructure low,
Or ſwing thee in the Air, then daſh thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and ſhatter'd ſides.

Har. By *Aſtaroth* ere long thou ſhalt lament
Theſe braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantſhip is gone ſomewhat creſt fall'n,
Stalking with leſs unconſcionable ſtrides
And lower looks, but in a ſultry chaſe.

Samſ. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Though fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons
All of Gigantick ſize, *Goliah* chief.

Chor.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malicious counſel ſtir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Samſ. He muſt alledge ſome cauſe, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, leſt a queſtion riſe
Whether he durſt accept the offer or not,
And that he durſt not plain enough appear'd:
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impoſe, nor I ſuſtain;
If they intend advantage of my labours
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no ſmall profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadlieſt Foe will prove
My ſpeedieſt friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worſt that he can give, to me the beſt.
Yet ſo it may fall out, becauſe their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the Spirits of juſt men long oppreſt!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppreſſor,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannick power, but raging to purſue
The righteous and all ſuch as honour Truth;
He all their Ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain Heroick magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigour arm'd,
Their Armories and Magazines contemns,

Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
His Errand on the wicked, who ſurpriz'd
Loſe their defence diſtracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exerciſe
Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of theſe is in thy lot,
Samſon, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but ſight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with thoſe
Whom Patience finally muſt crown,
This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of reſt,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I deſcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look;
By his habit I diſcern him now
A Publick Officer, and now at hand,
His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the Pris'ner *Samſon* here I ſeek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he ſits.

Off. Samſon, to thee our Lords thus bid me ſay;
This day to *Dagon* is a ſolemn Feaſt,

With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp and Games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human race,
And now some publick proof thereof require
To honour this great Feast, and great assembly:
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

Samf. Thou know'st I am an *Hebrew*, therefore tell them,
Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not Sword-Players, and ev'ry sort
Of Gymnick Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimers,
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

Samf. My self? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal Servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god,

The

The worſt of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My meſſage was impos'd on me with ſpeed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy reſolution?

Samſ. So take it with what ſpeed thy meſſage needs.

Off. I am ſorry what this ſtoutneſs will produce.

Samſ. Perhaps thou ſhalt have cauſe to ſorrow indeed.

Chor. Conſider, *Samſon*; matters now are ſtrain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another meſſage more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samſ. Shall I abuſe this conſecrated gift
Of ſtrength, again returning with my hair
After my great tranſgreſſion, ſo requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater ſin
By proſtituting holy things to Idols?
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my ſtrength in honour to their *Dagon*!
Beſides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What Act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this ſtrength thou ſerv'ſt the *Philiſtines*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samſ. Not in their Idol-worſhip, but by labour
Honeſt and lawful to deſerve my food
Of thoſe who have me in their civil power.

Chor.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outw'rd acts defile not

Samſ. Where outward force conſtrains, the ſentence holds,
But who conſtrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,
Not dragging? the *Philiſtian* Lords command.
Commands are no conſtraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to diſpleaſe
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealouſy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgivenneſs.
Yet that he may diſpenſe with me or thee
Preſent in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For ſome important cauſe, thou need'ſt not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off ſurmounts my reach.

Samſ. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rouſing motions in me, which diſpoſe
To ſomething extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Meſſenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be ſure, that may diſhonour
Our Law, or ſtain my vow of *Nazarite*.
If there be aught of preſage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt.

Chor. In time thou haſt reſolv'd, the man returns.

Off. Samſon, this ſecond meſſage from our Lords
To thee I am bid ſay. Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
And dar'ſt thou at our ſending and command
Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch Engines to aſſail,

And

And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou art firmlier faſtn'd than a Rock.

Samſ. I could be well content to try their Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me through their ſtreets
Like a wild Beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters commands come with a power reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection:
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praiſe thy reſolution, doff thoſe links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to ſet thee free.

Samſ. Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with Friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exaſperate them
I know not: Lords are Lordlieſt in their wine;
And the well-feaſted Prieſt then ſooneſt fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion ſeem concern'd:
No leſs the People on their Holy days
Impetuous, inſolent, unquenchable,
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing diſhonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation or myſelf,
The laſt of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of *Iſrael* be thy guide
To what may ſerve his glory beſt, and ſpread his name
Great among the Heathen round;
Send the Angel of thy Birth to ſtand
Faſt by thy ſide, who from thy Father's field
Rode up in flames after his meſſage told
Of thy conception, and be now a ſhield
Of fire; that Spirit that firſt ruſht on thee
In the Camp of *Dan*
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heaven imparted
Meaſure of ſtrength ſo great to mortal ſeed,
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been ſeen.
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in ſuch haſte
With youthful ſteps? much livelier than ere while
He ſeems: ſuppoſing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us ſome glad news?

Man. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at preſent here to find my Son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their Feaſt.
I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Leſt I ſhould ſee him forc'd to things unſeemly:
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good ſucceſs to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; ſay, reverend Sire, we thirſt to hear.

Man.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high ſtreet paſſing,
With ſupplication prone and Fathers tears,
T' accept of ranſom for my Son their pris'ner.
Some much averſe I found and wondrous harſh,
Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
That part moſt reverenc'd *Dagon* and his prieſts.
Others more moderate ſeeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They eaſily would ſet to ſale; a third
More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their Foe to miſery beneath their fears,
The reſt was magnanimity to remit,
If ſome convenient ranſom was propos'd.
What noiſe or ſhout was that? it tore the Sky.

Chor. Doubtleſs the people ſhouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.

Man. His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I ſhall chuſe
To live the pooreſt in my Tribe, than richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him;
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit: not wanting him, I ſhall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son are bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurſe their Parents in old age,

Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy Son,
Made older than thy age through eye-ſight loſt.

Man. It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him ſitting in the houſe, ennobl'd
With all thoſe high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his ſhoulders waving down thoſe locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
And I perſuade me God hath not permitted
His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair
Garriſon'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpoſe
To uſe him farther yet in ſome great ſervice,
Not to ſit idle with ſo great a gift
Uſeleſs, and thence ridiculous about him.
And ſince his ſtrength with eye-ſight was not loſt,
God will reſtore him eye-ſight to his ſtrength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor ſeem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what noiſe!
Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noiſe was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former ſhout.

Chor. Noiſe call you it, or univerſal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation periſh'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noiſe,
Ruin, deſtruction at the utmoſt point.

Man. Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noiſe.
Oh it continues, they have ſlain my Son!

Chor.

Chor. Thy Son is rather ſlaying them, that outcry
From ſlaughter of one Foe could not aſcend.

Man. Some diſmal accident it needs muſt be;
What ſhall we do, ſtay here or run and ſee?

Chor. Beſt keep together here, leſt running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the *Philiſtins* is fall'n,
From whom could elſe a general cry be heard?
The ſufferers then will ſcarce moleſt us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-ſight (for to *Iſrael*'s God
Nothing is hard) by miracle reſtor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of ſlaughter'd walk his way?

Man. That were a joy preſumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain ſubſcribe and tempts belief,
A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news rides poſt, while good news baits.
And to our wiſh I ſee one hither ſpeeding,
An *Hebrew*, as I gueſs, and of our Tribe.

Meſſ. O whither ſhall I run, or which way fly
The ſight of this ſo horrid ſpectacle,

Which erſt my eyes beheld and yet behold;
For dire imagination ſtill purſues me.
But Providence or inſtinct of nature ſeems,
Or reaſon though diſturb'd, and ſcarce conſulted
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee firſt reverend *Manoa*, and to theſe
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at ſome diſtance from the place of horror,
So in the ſad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou ſeeſt we long to know.

Meſſ. It would burſt forth, but I recover breath
And ſenſe diſtract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the ſum, the circumſtance defer.

Meſſ. *Gaza* yet ſtands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'ſt to *Iſraelites* not ſaddeſt
The deſolation of a hoſtile City.

Meſſ. Feed on that firſt, there may in grief be ſurfeit.

Man. Relate by whom. *Meſſ*. By *Samſon*. *Man*. That [ſtill leſſens
The ſorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Meſſ. Ah *Manoa*, I refrain, too ſuddenly
To utter what will come at laſt too ſoon;

Leſt

Leſt evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear ſhould pierce too deep.

Man. Suſpenſe in news is torture, ſpeak them out.

Meſſ. Then take the worſt in brief, *Samſon* is dead.

Man. The worſt indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who ſets all free
Hath paid his ranſom now and full diſcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive as the firſt-born bloom of ſpring
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's froſt.
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, ſay firſt,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or ſhame.
All by him fell thou ſay'ſt, by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave *Samſon* his death's wound?

Meſſ. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with ſlaughter then or how? explain.

Meſſ. By his own hands.

Man. Self violence? what cauſe
Brought him ſo ſoon at variance with himſelf
Among his Foes?

Meſſ. Inevitable cauſe
At once both to deſtroy and be deſtroyed;
The Edifice where all were met to ſee him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O laſtly over-ſtrong againſt thy ſelf!
A dreadful way thou tookſt to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confuſion, give us if thou canſt,
Eye-witneſs of what firſt or laſt was done,
Relation more particular and diſtinct.

Meſſ. Occaſions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-riſe,
The Morning Trumpets Feſtival proclaim'd
Through each high ſtreet: little had I diſpatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samſon ſhould be brought forth to ſhew the people
Proof of his mighty ſtrength in feats and games.
I ſorrow'd at his captive ſtate, but minded
Not to be abſent at that ſpectacle.
The building was a ſpacious Theatre
Half-round, on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With ſeats where all the Lords and each degree
Of ſort, might ſit in order to behold;
The other ſide was op'n, where the throng
On banks and ſcaffolds, under Sky might ſtand;
I among thoſe aloof obſcurely ſtood.
The Feaſt and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high chear and wine,
When to their ſports they turn'd. Immediately
Was *Samſon* as a publick ſervant brought,
In their ſtate Livery clad; before him Pipes
And Timbrels, on each ſide went armed guards,
Both horſe and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
At ſight of him the people with a ſhout
Rifted the Air, clamouring their god with praiſe,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He

He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was ſet before him
Which without help of eye might be aſſay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, and break, he ſtill perform'd
All with incredible ſtupendious force,
None daring to appear Antagoniſt.
At length for intermiſſion ſake they led him
Between the Pillars; he his guide requeſted
(For ſo from ſuch as nearer ſtood we heard)
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on thoſe two maſſy Pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main ſupport.
He unſuſpicious led him; which when *Samſon*
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes faſt fixt he ſtood as one who pray'd,
Or ſome great matter in his mind revolv'd.
At laſt with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reaſon was, obeying,
Nor without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord ſuch other tryal
I mean to ſhew you of my ſtrength, yet greater,
As with amaze ſhall ſtrike all who behold.
This utter'd, ſtraining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When Mountains tremble, thoſe two maſſy Pillars
With horrible confuſion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he took, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counſellors, or Prieſts,
Their choice Nobility and Flower, not only
Of this but each *Philiſtian* City round
Met from all parts to ſolemnize this Feaſt.

Samſon with theſe inmixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
The vulgar only 'ſcap'd who ſtood without.

Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
The work for which thou waſt foretold
To *Iſrael*, and now ly'ſt victorious
Among thy ſlain ſelf-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold,
Of dire neceſſity, whoſe law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy ſlaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had ſlain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and ſublime,
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary:
Among them he a ſpirit of phrenzy ſent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſte for their deſtroyer.
They only ſet on ſport and play,
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men,
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themſelves t' invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.

Semichor. But he though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd and thought extinguiſh'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rouſ'd
From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
And as ev'ning Dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched rooſts,
And neſts in order rang'd
Of tame villatick Fowl; but as an Eagle
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on their heads,
So virtue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſt, and overthrown, as ſeem'd,
Like that ſelf-begott'n Bird
In th' *Arabian* woods emboſt,
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay ere while a Holocauſt,
From out her aſhy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame ſurvives,
A ſecular Bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cauſe; *Samſon* hath quit himſelf
Like *Samſon*, and heroickly hath finiſh'd
A life Heroick, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*
Through all *Philiſtian* bounds: To *Iſrael*
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occaſion;
To himſelf and Father's houſe eternal fame:
And which is beſt and happieſt yet, all this

With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and aſſiſting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaſts, no weakneſs, no contempt,
Diſpraiſe, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death ſo noble.
Let us go find the Body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the ſtream
With lavers pure and cleanſing herbs waſh off
The clodded gore. I with what ſpeed the while
(*Gaza* is not in plight to ſay us nay)
Will ſend for all my kindred, all my friends
To fetch him hence, and ſolemnly attend
With ſilent obſequy and funeral train
Home to his father's houſe: there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with ſhade
Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or ſweet Lyrick Song.
Thither ſhall all the valiant Youth reſort,
And from his memory inflame their breaſts
To matchleſs valour, and adventures high:
The Virgins alſo ſhall on feaſtful days
Viſit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loſs of eyes.

Chor. All is beſt, though we oft doubt
What th' unſearchable diſpoſe
Of higheſt wiſdom brings about,
And ever beſt found in the cloſe.
Oft he ſeems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful Champion hath in place

Bore

Bore witneſs glorioully ; whence *Gaza* mourns,
And all that band them to reſiſt
His uncontroulable intent,
His ſervant he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt,
And calm of mind all paſſion ſpent.

THE END.

POEMS, &c.

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

IN

ENGLISH and LATIN, &c.

Compos'd at ſeveral times.

By Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

——Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virgil. Eclog. 7.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter *on the* Iriſh *Seas,* 1637. *And by occaſion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-ſear,
I come to pluck your Berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhyme,
He muſt not flote upon his watry bier

Unwept,

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.

Begin then, Siſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the Seat of *Jove* doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat louder ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd Urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock, by fountain, ſhade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that roſe, at Ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'n's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel:
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with cloven heel,
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old *Damœtas* lov'd to hear our ſong.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and deſart Caves
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to their ſoft layes,

As killing as the Canker to the Roſe,
Or Taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
Or Froſt to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the White-Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy Loſs to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were you playing on the ſteep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ah me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe her ſelf that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muſe her ſelf, for her inchanting ſon
Whom Univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* ſhore.

Alas! what boots it with unceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted Shepherds trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done, as others uſe,
To ſport with *Amaryllis* in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin-ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging *Jove*;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuſe*, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-ſliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oate proceeds,
And liſtens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune*'s plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle Swain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked Promontory:
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage *Hippotades* their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah; who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two maſſy Keys he bore of metals twain,

(The

(The Golden opes, the Iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake;
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Anow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearer's feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel Pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return *Sicilian* Muſe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low where the mild whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart Star ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jeſſamine,
The white Pink, and the Panſie freakt with jeat,

The

The glowing Violet,
The Musk-roſe, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
The Cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty ſhed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrew the Laureat Herſe where *Lycid* lies,
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ah me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding Seas
Waſh far away, where e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy *Hebrides*
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great Viſion of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona*'s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapleſs youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For *Lycidas*, your ſorrow, is not dead;
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial Song,
In the bleſt Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,

In

In ſolemn troops, and ſweet Societies,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus ſang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Weſtern Bay:
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blue;
To morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new.

L'Allegro.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven ſings;

There

There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two Sister Graces more
To Ivy-crown'd *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as some Sages sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of Violets blue,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonnair.
Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,

From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe ;
Then to come in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin ;
And to the ſtack, or the Barn-dore,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbring morn,
From the ſide of ſome Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Some time walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thouſand Liveries dight.
While the Plow-man near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the Lantskip round it meaſures ;
Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring Clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with Daiſies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.

Towers and Battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of Herbs, and other Country Meſſes,
Which the neat handed *Phyllis* dreſſes;
And then in haſte her Bower ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier Seaſon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunſhine Holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown Ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How *Faery-Mab* the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by Friers Lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſwet,
To earn his Cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn
His ſhadowy Flale hath threſh'd the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend:

And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If *Johnſon*'s learned Sock be on,
Or ſweeteſt *Shakeſpear*, fancy's child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verſe
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running?
Untwiſting all the chains that ty
The hidden ſoul of harmony:

That *Orpheus* ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a Bed
Of heapt *Elyſian* flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penſeroſo.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams,
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe Saintly viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black ſtaid Wiſdom's hue.
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince *Memnon*'s ſiſter might beſeem,

Or

Or that ſtarr'd *Ethiope* Queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter ſhe (in *Saturn*'s reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering bowres, and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody *Ida*'s inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtick train,
And ſable ſtole of *Cypreſs* Lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With ev'n ſtep, and muſing gaite,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thy ſelf to Marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt;
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring,
Ay round about *Jove*'s Altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leaſure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee Chauntreſs of the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
And oft as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Tow'r,

Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unſphear
The ſpirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
The immortal Mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd Pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobl'd hath the Buskin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto*'s cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd that virtuous Ring and Glaſs,
And of the wondrous Horſe of Braſs,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought elſe, great *Bards* beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Foreſts, and Inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,

Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil ſuited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as ſhe was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the Guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſsling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gairiſh eye,
While the Bee with honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I awake, ſweet muſick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen genius of the Wood.

But

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillar maſſy proof,
And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voiced Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy Gown and moſſy Cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of ev'ry Star that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And ev'ry Herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like Prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment preſented to the Counteſs Dowager of Derby *at* Harefield, *by ſome Noble Perſons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Paſtoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with this Song.*

1. Song.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What ſudden blaze of Majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry,
Too divine to be miſtook:
This, this is ſhe
To whom our vows and wiſhes bend,
Here our ſolemn ſearch hath end.
Fame that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe;
Leſs than half we find expreſt,
Envy bid conceal the reſt.
Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreds,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like ſilver threds:
This, this is ſhe alone,
Sitting like a Goddeſs bright,
In the center of her light.

Might

Might ſhe the wiſe *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dares not give her odds.
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A Deity ſo unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, ſpeaks.

Gen. STay gentle Swains, for tho' in this diſguiſe,
 I ſee bright honour ſparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by ſecret ſluce,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuſe*;
And ye the breathing Roſes of the Wood,
Fair ſilver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great Miſtreſs of yon princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this night's glad ſolemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What ſhallow-ſearching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurſe the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I ſave from nightly ill,
Of noiſom winds, and blaſting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs bruſh off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,

Or what the crofs dire-looking Planet fmites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth rife, I fetch my round
Over the mount; and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the flumb'ring leaves, or taffel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, hafte I all about,
Number my ranks, and vifit every fprout
With puiffant words, and murmurs made to blefs:
But elfe in deep of night, when drowfinefs
Hath lockt up mortal fenfe, then liften I
To the celeftial *Sirens* harmony,
That fit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And fing to thofe that hold the vital fhears,
And turn the Adamantine fpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such fweet compulfion doth in mufick ly,
To lull the daughters of *Neceffity*,
And keep unfteddy Nature to her law,
And the low world in meafur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with grofs unpurged ear;
And yet fuch mufick worthieft were to blaze
The peerlefs height of her immortal praife,
Whofe luftre leads us, and for her moft fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable founds: yet as we go,
What e'er the skill of leffer gods can fhow,
I will affay, her worth to celebrate,
And fo attend ye toward her glittering ftate;
Where ye may all that are of noble ftem
Approach, and kifs her facred veftures hem.

2. SONG.

2. SONG.

O'ER the ſmooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring.
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where ſhe ſits,
Clad in ſplendor as beſits
Her Deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

3. SONG.

NYmphs and Shepherds dance no more
By ſandy *Ladon*'s Lillied banks.
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loſs deplore,
A better ſoyl ſhall give ye thanks.
From the ſtony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the Lady of this place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Pan*'s Miſtreſs were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

A
MASK
PRESENTED
At *LUDLOW-CASTLE*,
1634.

BEFORE

The Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then
Preſident of WALES.

The Copy of a Letter written by Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to the Author, upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of *April*, 1638.

SIR,

IT was a ſpecial favour, when you lately beſtowed upon me here the firſt taſte of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther ſtay in theſe parts, which I underſtood afterwards by Mr. H. *I would have been bold in our vulgar phraſe to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirſt) and to have begged your converſation again, jointly with your ſaid learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together ſome good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I obſerved you to have been familiar.*

Since your going you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you dated the ſixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I ſhould much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not raviſh me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I muſt plainly confeſs to have ſeen yet nothing parallel in your Language: Ipſa mollities. *But I muſt not omit*

omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modeſtly ſoever) the true Artificer. For the Work it ſelf I had view'd ſome good while before, with ſingular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very cloſe of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now ſuppoſe) that the Acceſſory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Diſcourſe with you; I ſuppoſe you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you ſhall eaſily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governor; and you may ſurely receive from him good directions for the ſhaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reſide by my choice ſome time for the King, after mine own receſs from Venice.

I ſhould think that your beſt Line will be thorough the whole length of France to Marſeilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the paſſage into Tuſcany is as Diurnal as a Graveſend Barge: I haſten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a ſhort ſtory from the intereſt you have given me in your ſafety.

At Siena I was tabled in the Houſe of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were ſtrangled, ſave this only man that eſcap'd by foreſight of the Tempeſt: With him I had often much chat of thoſe affairs; Into which he took pleaſure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experi-

ence)

ence) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my ſelf ſecurely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conſcience. Signor Amigo mio *(ſays he)* I penſieri ſtretti, & il viſo ſciolto, *will go ſafely over the whole World: Of which* Delphian *Oracle (for ſo I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the beſt of all ſecurities, God's dear love, remaining*

Your Friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I Have expreſly ſent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without ſome acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my ſelf through ſome buſineſs, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I ſhall underſtand you fixed, I ſhall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for ſome fomentation of our friendſhip, too ſoon interrupted in the Cradle.

The

The PERSONS.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrſis.

Comus *with his crew.*

The Lady.

1 *Brother.*

2 *Brother.*

Sabrina *the Nymph.*

The chief Perſons who preſented, were,

The Lord Bracly.

Mr. Thomes Egerton *his Brother.*

The Lady Alice Egerton.

A
MASK
Preſented at
LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The firſt Scene diſcovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit deſcends or enters.

BEfore the ſtarry threſhold of *Jove*'s Court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal Shapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live inſpher'd
In Regions mild of calm and ſerene Air,
Above the ſmoak and ſtirr of this dim ſpot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feveriſh being,
Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongſt the enthron'd Gods on Sainted ſeats.

Yet

Yet ſome there be that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that Golden Key
That opes the Palace of eternity:
To ſuch my errand is, and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure Ambroſial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iſles,
That like to rich and various Gemms inlay
The unadórned boſom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By courſe commits to ſeveral Government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns,
And wield their little Tridents; but this Iſle,
The greateſt and the beſt of all the Main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle truſt and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-ſpring nurs'd in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's ſtate,
And new-entruſted Sceptre: but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whoſe ſhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Paſſenger;
And here their tender age might ſuffer peril,
But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
I was diſpatcht for their defence and guard;
And liſten why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus, that firſt from out the Purple Grape
Cruſht the ſweet poyſon of miſuſed Wine,
After the *Tuſcan* Mariners transform'd,
Coaſting the *Tyrrhene* ſhore, as the winds liſted,
On *Circe*'s Iſland fell; (Who knows not *Circe*,
The Daughter of the Sun? whoſe charmed Cup
Whoever taſted loſt his upright ſhape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his cluſtring locks,
With Ivy Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore ſhe brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields,
At laſt betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off'ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Cryſtal Glaſs,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taſte
(For moſt do taſte through fond intemperate thirſt)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' expreſs reſemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into ſome brutiſh form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſtie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to paſs through this adventrous glade,

Swift as a Sparkle of a glancing Star
I ſhoot from Heav'n to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my sky robes ſpun out of *Iris* Wooff,
And take the weeds and likeneſs of a Swain
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft Pipe, and ſmooth dittied Song,
Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving Woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps, I muſt be viewleſs now.

Comus *enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glaſs in the other; with him a rout of Monſters headed like ſundry ſorts of wild Beaſts, but otherwiſe like Men and Women, their Apparel gliſt'ring; they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the ſteep *Atlantick* ſtream,
And the ſlope Sun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his Chamber in the Eaſt.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight ſhout, and revelry,
Tipſy dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with roſy Twine,
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.

Rigor

Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Spheres,
Lead in ſwiſt round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath Night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddeſs of Nocturnal ſport,
Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t' whom the ſecret flame
Of midnight Torches burns; myſterious Dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpets her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'ſt with *Hecat'*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eaſtern ſcout,
The nice Morn on th' *Indian* ſteep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,

And to the tell-tale Sun deſcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantaſtick round.

The Meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of ſome chaſt footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine Art)
Benighted in theſe Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I ſhall ere long
Be well-ſtock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the ſpungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the Damſel to ſuſpicious flight,
Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courteſy,
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible,
Win me into the eaſy-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick duſt,
I ſhall appear ſome harmleſs Villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide
And harken, if I may her buſineſs hear.

The Lady enters.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound

Of

Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesome Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they said to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else O theevish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the mis-led and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory

Of calling ſhapes, and beckning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On Sands and Shoars, and deſart Wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion Conſcience.——
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſht form of Chaſtity;
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſt'ring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, ſweeteſt Nymph that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell,
By ſlow Menander'*s margent green,*
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad Song mourneth well;
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus *are?*
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flowry Cave,

Tell

Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the skies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breathe ſuch Divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtify his hidden reſidence;
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall ſmoothing the Raven doune
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amidſt the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they ſung, would take the priſon'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*: *Sylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the Senſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf.
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my Queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,
Unleſs the Goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by bleſt Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the proſperous Growth of this tall Wood.
La. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſt to unattending Ears;
Not any boaſt of skill, but extreme ſhift

How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſy Couch.
Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darkneſs, and this leafy Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from neer uſhering guides?
La. They left me weary on a graſſy turf.
Co. By falſhood, or diſcourteſy, or why?
La. To ſeek i' th' Vally ſome cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your fair ſide all unguarded, Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps foreſtalling night prevented them.
La. How eaſy my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?
La. No leſs than if I ſhould my Brothers loſe.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As ſmooth as *Hebe*'s their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwink't hedger at his Supper ſat;
I ſaw them under a green mantling Vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots;
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood:
I took it for a fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was aw-ſtrook,
And as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager,
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I ſuppoſe
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of Star-light,

Would

Would over-task the beſt Land-Pilot's art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild Wood,
And every boſky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your ſtray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-rooſted Lark
From her thatch't pallat rowſe; if otherwiſe
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſy,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoaky rafters, than in tap'ſtry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it.
Eye me, bleſt Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd, lead on.—

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
That wont'ſt to love the Travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs, and of ſhades;
Or if your Influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper
Though a Ruſh-Candle from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light.

And thou ſhalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
Of *Tyrian* Cynoſure. *2 Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the Lodge, or village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little chearing
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous bows.
But O that hapleſs Virgin! our loſt ſiſter,
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her Boulſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with ſad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of Fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipl'd in Virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that Goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into miſ-becoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And wiſdom's ſelf

Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffl'd, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i' th' Center, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

2 Bro. 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſart Cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a Senat Houſe:
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Diſh,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſunn'd heaps
Of Miſers Treaſure by an Outlaw's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs Maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wild ſurrounding waſte
Of night, or lonelineſs it recks me not,
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned Siſter.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Siſter's ſtate

Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2 *Bro.* What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No Savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaineer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption,
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at *Curfue* time,
No Goblin, or swart Fairy of the Mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,

Where

Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded Lioneſs,
And ſpotted mountain Pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*; gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was Queen o' th' Woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed *Gorgon* ſhield
That wiſe *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank aw?
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chaſtity,
That when a Soul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the Soul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when Luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by leud and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres,
Lingring and ſitting by a new made grave,
As loth to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And linkt itſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

2 *Bro.* How charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,

But muſical as is *Apollo*'s Lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* Liſt, liſt, I hear
Some far off hollow break the ſilent Air.
2 Bro. Methought ſo too; what ſhould it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
Either ſome one like us night-founder'd here,
Or elſe ſome Neighbour Woodman, or, at worſt,
Some roving Robber calling to his fellows.
2 Bro. Heav'n keep my Siſter. Agen, agen, and near!
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard.
Eld. Bro. I'll hollow;
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hollow I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak.
Come not too near, you fall on Iron ſtakes elſe.
Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? ſpeak agen.
2 Bro. O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd ſure.
Eld. Bro. Thyrſis? whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delaid
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal.
And ſweetn'd every muskroſe of the dale,
How cam'ſt thou here, good Swain? Hath any Ram
Slipt from the fold, or young Kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling Weather the pen't flock forſook?
How could'ſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd Maſter's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy
As a ſtray'd Ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering Wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth inrich theſe Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my Virgin Lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company?

Eld.

Eld. Bro. To tell thee ſadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrſis?* Prethee briefly [ſhew.
Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance)
What the ſage Poets, taught by th' Heav'nly Muſe,
Story'd of old in high immortal verſe,
Of dire *Chimera's* and inchanted Iſles,
And rifted Rocks whoſe entrance leads to Hell,
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypreſs ſhades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries;
And here to every thirſty wanderer,
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmoulding reaſon's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabl'd Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowres.
Yet have they many baits; and guileful ſpells,
To inveigle and invite th' unwary ſenſe
Of them that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their ſupper on the ſavoury Herb
Of Knot-graſs dew-beſprent, and were in fold,
I ſat me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove

With

With flaunting Honey-ſuckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minſtrelſy,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous diſſonance,
At which I ceas'd, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpite to the drowſy frighted ſteeds
That draw the litter of cloſe-curtain'd ſleep.
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took ere ſhe was ware, and wiſht ſhe might
Deny her Nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplac'd. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd Lady, your dear Siſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapleſs Nightingale thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haſte
Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wiſard hid in ſly diſguiſe,
(For ſo by certain ſigns I knew) had met
Already, ere my beſt ſpeed could prevent,
The aidleſs innocent Lady his wiſht prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager;
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs'd
Ye were the two ſhe meant, with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here.

But further know I not. *2 Bro*. O night and ſhades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Againſt th'unarm'd weakneſs of one Virgin
Alone, and helpleſs! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it ſtill,
Lean on it ſafely, not a period
Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory.
But evil on it ſelf ſhall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettl'd to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſum'd; if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come let's on:
Againſt th' oppoſing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this juſt Sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the grieſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Empriſe;
But here thy Sword can do thee little ſtead,
Far other arms, and other weapons muſt
Be thoſe that quell the might of Helliſh charms,

He

He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.
Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thy self approach so near,
As to make this Relation?
Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright Golden flower, but not in this soyl:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of Sov'reign use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
Or gastly furies apparition:
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime twigs of his spells,

And

And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the Necromancer's Hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſht blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſcious liquor on the ground,
But ſeize his wand, though he and his curſt crew
Fierce ſign of Battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit ſmoak,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.
Eld. Bro. *Thyrſis* lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And ſome good Angel bear a ſhield before us.

The Scene changes to a ſtately Palace, ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs: ſoft Muſick, Tables ſpread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the Lady ſet in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaſter,
And you a Statue, or as *Daphne* was,
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo.*
La. Fool, do not boaſt,
Thou can'ſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſt immanacl'd, while Heav'n ſees good.
Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Briſk as the *April* buds in Primroſe-ſeaſon.
And firſt behold this cordial Julip here

That

That flames and dances in his cryſtal bounds
With ſpirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt.
Not that *Nepentes* which the Wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*,
Is of ſuch power to ſtir up joy as this,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.
Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to your ſelf,
And to thoſe dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her truſt,
And harſhly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all Mortal frailty muſt ſubſiſt,
Refreſhment after toil, eaſe after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repaſt,
And timely reſt have wanted: but fair Virgin
This will reſtore all ſoon.

La. 'Twill not, falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty
That thou haſt baniſht from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou told'ſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,
Theſe ugly-headed Monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
Haſt thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With viſor'd falſhood, and baſe forgery,
And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With lickeriſh baits fit to inſnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

Co.

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th' all-worship't Ore, and precious Gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet dispis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought Diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
And so bestud with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
List Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is Nature's coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be current, and the good thereof

Con-

Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsav'ry in th' enjoyment of it self;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the houswifes wooll.
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler,
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false Rules, pranckt in Reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she good cateress
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His

His praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Cramms, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid enough? To him that dares
Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the Sun-clad power of Chaſtity,
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhould'ſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath ſo well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy ſelf convinc'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rap'd ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and ſhake,
Till all thy magick ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.
Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſome ſuperior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold ſhudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To ſome of *Saturn*'s crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Againſt the Canon Laws of our Foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſetlings of a melancholy blood:

But

But this will cure all ftraight, one fip of this
Will bathe the drooping fpirits in delight,
Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wife, and tafte.—

The Brothers rufh in with Swords drawn, wreft his Glafs out of his hand, and break it againft the ground; his rout make fign of refiftance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the falfe Enchanter fcape?
O ye miftook, ye fhould have fnatcht his wand
And bound him faft, without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of diffevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that fits here
In ftony fetters fixt, and motionlefs;
Yet ftay, be not difturb'd, now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
The foothest Shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moift curb fways the fmooth *Severn* ftream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure;
Whilom fhe was the daughter of *Locrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
She guiltlefs damfel flying the mad purfuit
Of her enraged Stepdame *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That ftay'd her flight with his crofs-flowing courfe.
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wrifts and took her in,
Bearing her ftraight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ftrew'd with Afphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each fenfe
Dropt in Ambrofial Oyls till fhe reviv'd.

And

And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddeſs of the River; ſtill ſhe retains
Her Maid'n gentleneſs, and oft at Eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blaſt, and ill luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious vial'd liquors heals,
For which the Shepherds at their Feſtivals
Carrol her goodneſs lowd in ruſtick lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled Song,
For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a Virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,
In hard-beſetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina *fair,*
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſy, cool, tranſlucent Wave,
In twiſted Braids of Lillies knitting
The looſe train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;
Liſten for dear Honour's ſake,
Goddeſs of the Silver Lake,
Liſten and ſave.

Liſten and appear to us,
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-ſhaking *Neptune*'s mace,
And *Tethys* grave majeſtick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrinkled look,
And the *Carpathian* wiſard's hook,

By

By ſcaly *Triton*'s winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying *Glaucus* ſpell,
By *Leucothea*'s lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the ſtrands,
By *Thetis* tinſel ſlipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* ſweet,
By dead *Parthenope*'s dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea*'s golden comb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on Diamond rocks,
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſy head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

Sabrina *riſes, attended by Water-Nymphs, and ſings.*

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Oſier dank,
My ſliding Chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with Agat, and the azure ſheen
Of Turkis blue, and Emrauld green
That in the channel ſtrays,
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet
O'er the Cowſlip's Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy requeſt
I am here.

Spir.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gumms of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite*'s bow'r.

Sabrina *descends, and the Lady rises out of her Seat.*

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Locrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchises* line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet *October*'s torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The Beryl, and the golden Ore,

May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terraſs round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrhe, and Cinnamon.

Come Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the Sorcerer us intice
With ſome other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground,
I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Reſidence,
Where this Night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh'd preſence; and beſide
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance reſort,
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Come let us haſte, the Stars grow high,
But Night ſits Monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, preſenting Ludlow *Town, and the Preſident's Caſtle, then come in Country Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,*
Till next Sun-ſhine holiday,
Here be without duck, or nod,
Other trippings to be trod

Of

Of lighter toes, and ſuch Court guiſe
As Mercury *did firſt deviſe*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This ſecond Song preſents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a Crown of deathleſs Praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er ſenſual Folly, and Intemperance.

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that ly
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I ſuck the liquid air
All amidſt the Gardens fair
Of *Heſperus*, and his daughters three
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowres
Revels the ſpruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the roſie-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring,
There eternal Summer dwells,
And Weſt winds, with musky wing

About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Caſſia*'s balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purfled ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
(Liſt mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and Roſes
Where young *Adonis* oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th' *Aſſyrian* Queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc'd,
Holds his dear *Pſyche* ſweet intranc'd,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free conſent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; ſo *Jove* hath ſworn.
But now my task is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach you how to clime
Higher than the Sphery chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it ſelf would ſtoop to her.

ON THE

MORNING

OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein,
Afford a Present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eaſtern rode
The Star-led Wiſards haſte with odours ſweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honour firſt, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his ſecret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born-child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympat'hize;
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the Sun her luſty Paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woos the gentle Air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphear
His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes an univerſal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battle's ſound
Was heard the World around,
The idle ſpear and ſhield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot ſtood
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The Trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And Kings ſat ſtill with awful eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whiſt,
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſpering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,
The Sun himſelf withheld his wonted ſpeed,

And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame
The new-enlightned World no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbl'd voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their Souls in blissful rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia*'s seat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,

That

That with long beams the ſhame-fac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glitt'ring ranks with wings diſplay'd,
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His Conſtellations ſet,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Cryſtal ſphears,
Once bleſs our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Baſe of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full conſort to th' Angelick ſymphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy Song
Enwrap our Fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And ſpeckl'd vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous ſin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it ſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſion to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a Rain-bow, and like glories wearing:
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in Celeſtial ſheen,
 With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteering,
And Heav'n as at ſome Feſtival,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
 The Babe lies yet in ſmiling Infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
 So both himſelf and us to glorify:
Yet firſt to thoſe y' chain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder thro' the deep.

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang,
 While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agaſt,
With terrour of that blaſt,
 Shall from the ſurface of the center ſhake;
When at the world's laſt ſeſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air ſhall ſpread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is,
 But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,

Not

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The *Lars* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and *Baalim*
Forsake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*,

And mooned *Aſhtaroth*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
  Now ſits not girt with Tapers holy ſhine,
The Libyc *Hammon* ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamus* mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dred
  His burning Idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain, with Cymbals ring,
They call the griſly King,
  In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutiſh gods of *Nile* as faſt,
Iſis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis*, haſte.

XXIV.

Nor is *Oſiris* ſeen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
  Trampling the unſhowr'd Graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
  Naught but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud;
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled Sorcerers bear his worſhip'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda*'s Land
The dredded Infant's hand,
  The rays of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,
  Not *Typhon* huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our Babe, to ſhew his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows

Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th' infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending:
Heav'n's youngest teemed Star
Hath fixt her polish'd Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his, dying of a Cough.

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelesly,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim *Aquilo* his charioteer
By boistrous rape th' *Athenian* damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full near,

If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
  Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton Gods a foul reproach was
[held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air,
He wander'd long, till thee he ſpy'd from far,
There ended was his queſt, there ceaſt his care.
Down he deſcended from his Snow-ſoft chair,
  But all unawares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo *Apollo*, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did ſlay his dearly-loved mate,
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota*'s ſtrand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
  But then transform'd him to a purple flower,
Alack that ſo to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perſuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties ly in wormy bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee ſo ſtrictly doom?
  Oh no! for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortality, that ſhew'd thou waſt divine.

VI.

Reſolve me then, oh Soul moſt purely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where-e'er thou hovereſt,
Whether above that high firſt-moving Sphere,
Or in the Elyſian fields (if ſuch there were)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak't *Olympus* by mischance didst fall;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstal?
Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that Heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the World some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of ſo ſweet a Child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild;
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent:
  This if thou do, he will an off-ſpring give,
That till the World's laſt end ſhall make thy name to
  live.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exerciſe in the College, part* Latin, *part* Engliſh. *The* Latin *ſpeeches ended, the* Engliſh *thus began.*

HAIL native Language, that by ſinews weak
  Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half unpronounc'd ſlide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb ſilence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſat two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon aſk,
That now I uſe thee in my latter taſk:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt;
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:

But

But haſte thee ſtraight to do me once a Pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure,
Not thoſe new fangled toys, and trimmings ſlight,
Which take our late fantaſticks with delight;
But call thoſe richeſt Robes, and gay'ſt Attire,
Which deepeſt Spirits and choiceſt Wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And weary of their place do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck'd them in thy beſt array;
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair Aſſembly's ears:
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Liſtening to what unſhorn *Apollo* ſings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:
Then paſſing through the Sphears of watchful fire,
And miſty Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'n's defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of Kings and Queens and Heroes old,
Such as the wiſe *Demodocus* once told
In ſolemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feaſt,
While ſad *Ulyſſes* ſoul and all the reſt

Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But fy, my wandring Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my Room.

Then Ens *is repreſented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldeſt ſtood for* Subſtance *with his Canons, which* Ens, *thus ſpeaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Fairy Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowſy Nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpy
Come tripping to the Room where thou didſt ly;
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy Bed,
Strew all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible:
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A *Sibyl* old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wiſely could preſage,
And in Time's long and dark Proſpective Glaſs
Foreſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs;
Your Son, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident.

O'er

"O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling;
And those that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under:
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Clothing.
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap:
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
Yea it shall be his natural property
"To harbour those that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose his Gordian knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality *spake in Prose, then* Relation *was called by his name.*

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the Son
Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphy *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Arms along the indented Meads,
Or sullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or rocky *Avon*, or of sedgy *Lee*,
Or coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallow'd *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* smooth, or royal towred *Thame*.

The rest was Prose.

The PASSION.

I.

ERE while of Muſick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the Stage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muſe with Angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry ſolſtice like the ſhortn'd light,
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my Harp to notes of ſaddeſt wo,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeize ere long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Moſt perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He ſov'reign Prieſt ſtooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly Tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooft beneath the ſkies;
O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe!
Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his Brethrens ſide.

IV.

Theſe latter ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings, otherwhere are found;
Loud o'er the reſt *Cremona*'s Trump doth ſound;

Me

Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of Lute, or Viol ſtill more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, beſt Patroneſs of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſht a wanniſh white.

VI.

See, ſee the Chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* ſtood,
Once glorious Towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my Soul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatick fit,

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richeſt ſtore,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the ſoftned Quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their Echoes mild,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)

Might

Might think th' infection of my ſorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfy'd with what was begun, left it unfiniſht.

On *TIME*.

FLY envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thyſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And merely mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt entomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme Throne
Of him, t'whoſe happy-making ſight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul ſhall clime,
Then all this Earthy groſneſs quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we ſhall for ever ſit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant Song,
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilear
Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfy'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day; but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a ſolemn Muſick.

BLeſt pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Siſters, Voice and Verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſy preſent
That undiſturbed Song of pure content,
Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With ſaintly ſhout, and ſolemn Jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick hoſt in thouſand quires,
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devote and holy Pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on Earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair Muſick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect Diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celeſtial conſort us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

A N

AN EPITAPH ON THE Marchioneſs of *Wincheſter*.

THIS rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of *Wincheſter*,
A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Beſides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than ſhe could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told, alas too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as compleat as her praiſe,
Nature and fate had had no ſtrife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces ſweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her requeſt
The God that ſits at marriage-feaſt;
He at their invoking came,
But with a ſcarce-well-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he ſtood,
Ye might diſcern a Cypreſs bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,

And now with ſecond hope ſhe goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But whether by miſchance or blame
Atropos or *Lucina* came;
And with remorſeleſs cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapleſs Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languiſht Mother's Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by ſome unheedy ſwain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New ſhot up from vernal ſhow'r;
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And thoſe Pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſt'ning Funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this day travel ſore
Sweet reſt ſeize thee evermore,
That to give the World increaſe,
Shortned haſt thy own life's leaſe;
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble Horſe doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
And ſome Flowers, and ſome Bays,
For thy Herſe, to ſtrew the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy virtuous name:
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, high ſit'ſt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before;
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light.
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint;
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads with her
The Flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowſlip, and the pale Primroſe.
Hail bounteous *May*, that doſt inſpire
Mirth and Youth and warm deſire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dreſſing.
Hill and Dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing,
Thus we ſalute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakespear*, for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On the University-Carrier, who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, *by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old *Hobson*. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt:
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;

For

For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'ne up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term:
Meerly to drive the time away, he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,

But vow, though the croſs Doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his Cart went light:
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load, made his life burdenſom,
That even to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſt to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this Superſcription.

On the new Forcers of Conſcience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

BEcauſe you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with ſtiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
To ſeize the widow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whoſe ſin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford?*
Men whoſe Life, Learning, Faith and pure Intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with *Paul,*
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
By ſhallow *Edwards* and Scotch what-d'ye-call:

But

But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of *Trent*,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
And succour our just Fears:
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebis, & aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites, me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

The Fifth ODE *of* Horace *Lib.* I.

Rendred almoſt word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Meaſure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT ſlender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roſes in ſome pleaſant Cave,
Pyrrha, for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain; and Seas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they

To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of Sea.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the Nightinghale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'ſt at eeve, when all the Woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the Lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of Day,
Firſt heard before the ſhallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend ſucceſs in Love; O, if *Jove*'s will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome Grove ny;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief; yet hadſt no reaſon why,
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

SONNET II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco

Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

SONNET III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Four di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco insu la lingua snello
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?

Dinne,

Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Alcri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchi a soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

SONNET IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E digli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

SONNET V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove me duole,

Che force amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

SONNET VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, e d'intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d'invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra ſonora, e delle muſe:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

SONNET VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.

How ſoon hath Time, the ſuttle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My haſting days flie on with full career,
But my late ſpring no bud nor bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,

And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
That ſome more timely-happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure ev'n
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n.
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great taſk-Maſter's eye.

SONNET VIII.

To the Soldier, to ſpare his Dwelling-place.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whoſe chance on theſe defenceleſs doors may ſeaſe,
If deed of honour did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe;
And he can ſpread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes Bowre,
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid ſpare
The houſe of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of ſad *Electra*'s Poet had the power
To ſave th' *Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

SONNET IX.

To a Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earlieſt youth,
Wiſely haſt ſhun'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*

Choſen thou haſt; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feaſtful friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wiſe and pure.

SONNET X.

To the Lady Margaret Lee, *Daughter to the Earl of* Marlborough.

Daughter to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of *England*'s Council, and her Treaſury,
Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till ſad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him; as that diſhoneſt victory
At *Chæronea*, fatal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, than to have known the days
Wherein your Father flouriſht, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I ſee him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, Honour'd *Margaret.*

SON-

SONNET XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*,
  And woven cloſe, both matter, form and ſtile;
  The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
  Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
  A title page is this! and ſome in file
  Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
  End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
Corkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp?
  Thoſe rugged Names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
  That would have made *Quintilian* ſtare and gaſp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
  Hated not Learning worſe than Toad or Aſp;
  When thou taught'ſt *Cambridge*, and King *Edward* [Greek.

SONNET XII.

On the ſame.

I did but prompt the Age to quite their clogs
  By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
  When ſtraight a barbarous noiſe environs me
  Of Owls and Cuckoes, Aſſes, Apes and Dogs:
As when thoſe Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
  Rail'd at *Latona*'s twin-born Progenie,
  Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
  But this is got by caſting Pearl to Hogs;
That bawle for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
  And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.

Licence

Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good,
But from that mark how far they rove we ſee
For all this waſte of wealth, and loſs of blood.

SONNET XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, *on his Aires.*

Harry, whoſe tuneful and well meaſur'd Song
First taught our *Engliſh* Muſick how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With *Midas* Ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and ſkill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth aire could'ſt humour beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt Verſe; and Verſe muſt ſend her wing
To honour thee, the Prieſt of *Phœbus* Quire
That turn'ſt the happieſt lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
Than his *Caſella*, whom he woo'd to ſing,
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

SONNET XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt Soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd life, which us from Life doth ſever!
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour

Staid ... behind, nor in the Grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

SONNET XV.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose Name in Arms thro' *Europe* rings,
And fills all mouths with Envy or with Praise,
And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things;
Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings
Victory home, while new Rebellions raise
Their *Hydra* Heads, and the false North displays
Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.
O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand,
For what can War but acts of War still breed,
Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,
And publick faith be rescu'd from the brand
Of publick fraud. In vain does Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

SONNET XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane *the younger.*

Vane, young in Years, but in sage Councils old,
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held

The

The Helm of *Rome* (when Gowns not Arms repel'd
The fierce *Epirôt*, and the *African* bold)
Whether to ſettle Peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow States, hard to be ſpel'd.
Then to adviſe how War may be beſt upheld,
Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
In all her Equipage: Beſides to know
What ſerves each, thou haſt learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her Eldeſt Son.

SONNET XVII.

To O. Cromwell.

Cromwell our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd
Not of War only, but Diſtractions rude,
(Guided by Faith and matchleſs Fortitude)
To Peace and Truth thy glorious way haſt plow'd,
And fought God's Battles, and his Works purſu'd,
While *Darwent* Streams with blood of *Scots* imbru'd,
And *Dunbar* field reſound thy Praiſes loud,
And *Worceſter*'s Laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer ſtill; Peace has her Victories
No leſs than thoſe of War. New Foes ariſe,
Threatning to bind our Souls in ſecular Chains:
Help us to ſave free Conſcience from the Paw
Of hireling Wolves, whoſe Goſpel is their Maw.

SONNET XVIII.

On the late Maſſacre in Piemont.

Avenge O Lord thy ſlaughter'd Saints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the *Alpine* mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old,
When all our Fathers worſhip'd Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep, and in their antient Fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemonteſe* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubled to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow,
O'er all th' *Italian* fields, where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant: that from theſe may grow
A hundred fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

SONNET XIX.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, theſe Eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemiſh or of ſpot,
Bereft of Sight, their ſeeing have forgot.
Nor to their idle Orbes does day appear,
Or Sun, or Moon, or Stars throughout the year;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Againſt Heav'n's Hand, or Will; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but ſtill bear up, and ſteer
Right onwards. What ſupports me, doſt thou aſk?
The Conſcience, friend, t' have loſt them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble taſk,

Whereof

Whereof all *Europe* rings from ſide to ſid
This Thought might lead me through this world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no other Guide.

SONNET XX.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my Soul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask: But patience, to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt
Bear his mild yoak, they ſerve him beſt, his State
Is Kingly. Thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
And poſt o'er Land and Ocean without reſt,
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

SONNET XXI.

To Mr. Lawrence, *Son to the Preſident of* Cromwell's *Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day? what may be won
From the hard Seaſon gaining: time will run
On ſmoother, till *Favonius* re-inſpire
The frozen earth; and cloath in freſh attire
The Lillie and Roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.

What

What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taſte, with Wine, whence we may riſe
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuſcan* Air?
 He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
 To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

SONNET XXII.

On Cyriack Skinner.

Cyriack, whoſe Grandſire on the Royal Bench
 Of Britiſh *Themis*, with no mean applauſe
 Pronounc'd and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
 Which others at their Bar ſo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let *Euclid* reſt, and *Archimedes* pauſe,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To meaſure life, learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow,
 That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God ſends a chearful hour, refrains.

SONNET XXIII.

On his deceaſed Wife.

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed Saint
 Brought to me like *Alceſtis* from the grave,
Whom *Jove*'s great Son to her glad Huſband gave,

Reſcu'd

Reſcu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom waſht from ſpot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did ſave,
And ſuch as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied ſight,
Love, Sweetneſs, Goodneſs, in her Perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Gaudete Scombri, & quicquid eſt piſcium Salo,
Qui frigidâ Hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Veſtrûm miſertus ille Salmaſius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii
Inſignia, nomenque & Decus Salmaſii,
Geſtetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, ſcriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capſulis gratiſſimos.

Brutus *taking with him* Geryon *the Diviner in the inward Shrine of the Temple of the Goddeſs* Diana, *utters his Requeſts thus:*

Diva potens nemorum, &c.

GOddeſs of Shades, and Huntreſs, who at will
Walk'ſt on the lowring Spheārs, and thro' the deep,
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell
What Land, what ſeat of reſt thou bidſt me ſeek,
What certain Seat, where I may worſhip thee
For aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Quires.

To whom ſleeping before the Altar, Diana *in a Viſion that Night, thus anſwered:*

Brute, *ſub occaſum ſolis,* &c.

Brutus, far to the Weſt in the Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of *Gaul,* a Land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Gyants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
Thy courſe, there ſhalt thou find a laſting Seat,
There to thy Sons another *Troy* ſhall riſe,
And Kings be born of thee, whoſe dreadful might
Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante *in the* 19*th Canto of* Inferno.

Ah *Conſtantine,* of how much ill was cauſe
Not thy Converſion, but thoſe rich Domains
That the firſt wealthy Pope received of thee.

In the 20th Canto of Paradiſe.

Founded in chaſte and humble Poverty,
'Gainſt them that rais'd thee doſt thou lift thy Horn,
Impudent Whore, where haſt thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill-got Wealth?
Another *Conſtantine* comes not in haſte.

Arioſto, Cant. 34.

And to be ſhort, at laſt his guide him brings
Into a goodly Valley, where he ſees
A mighty maſs of things ſtrangely confus'd,
Things that on Earth were loſt, or was abus'd.

Then paſs'd he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
Which once ſmelt ſweet, now ſtinks as odiouſly;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That *Conſtantine* to good *Silveſter* gave.

HORACE *to* Quintius.

Whom do we count a good Man? whom but he
Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great Suits and Controverſies,
Whoſe Witneſs and Opinion wins the Cauſe?
But his own Houſe, and the whole Neighbourhood
Sees his foul inſide through his whited Skin.

Four Greek *Lines out of* Euripides.

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men
Having to adviſe the Publick, may ſpeak free,

Which he who can, and will, deserves his Praise;
Who either can, or will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a State than this?

Euripid.

HORACE.

——Valet ima summis
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The Power that did create, can change the scene
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brightest Glory can eclipse with might;
And place the most obscure in dazling light.

HORACE.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Regumque matres barbarorum, &
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous People, and their Princes too,
All Purple Tyrants honour you;
The very wandring *Scythians* do.
Support the Pillar of the *Roman* State,
Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate.
Continue us in Wealth and Peace;
Let Wars and Tumults ever cease.

CA-

CATULLUS.

Tantò peſſimus omnium Poeta,
Quantò tu optimus omnium Patronus.

The worſt of Poets I myſelf declare,
By how much you the beſt of Patrons are.

On SALMASIUS.

Quis expedivit Salmaſio *ſuam Hundredam?*
Picamque docuit verba noſtra conari?
Magiſter artis venter, & Jacobei
Centum, exulantis viſcera marſupii regis.
Quod ſi doloſi ſpes refulſerit nummi,
Ipſe, Antichriſti modo qui primatum Papæ
Minatus uno eſt diſſipare ſufflatu,
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.

Engliſh'd.

Who taught *Salmaſius*, that *French* chattering Pye,
To aim at *Engliſh*, and Hundreda cry?
The ſtarving Raſcal, fluſht with juſt a hundred
Engliſh Jacobus's, Hundreda blundred.
An Outlaw'd King's laſt Stock—— A hundred more
Wou'd make him pimp for th' Antichriſtian Whore;
And in *Rome*'s Praiſe employ his poiſon'd Breath,
Who threatned once to ſtink the Pope to Death.

PSALM

PSALM I.

Done into VERSE, 1653.

BLeſs'd is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the Wicked, and i' th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſate. But in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall,
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor ſinners in th' aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruin muſt.

PSAL. II. *done* Aug. 8, 1653. *Terzette.*

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' Earth upstand
With pow'r, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; The Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
Be taught ye Judges of the Earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere,
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL.

Psal. III. *Aug.* 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes?
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10, 1653.

ANſwer me when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs,
In ſtraits and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthral
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt pray'r.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to ſeek, to prize
Things falſe and vain, and nothing elſe but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath choſe,
Choſe to himſelf apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chooſe he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not ſin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings juſt
Of righteouſneſs, and in Jehovah truſt.
Many there be that ſay,
Who yet will ſhew us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright;
Into my heart more joy
And gladneſs thou haſt put,

Than

Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep,
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where e'er I lie;
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12, 1653.

JEhovah to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray,
Jehovah thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedneſs delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad-men ſtand not within thy ſight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a lye;
The bloody and guileful Man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy Houſe; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worſhip low,

Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good-will.

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13, 1653.

LOrd in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my Bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my Soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe?
Wearied I am with ſighing out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye
Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh'd
With much confuſion; then grown red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſte the way they came,
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh'd.

PSAL. VII. *Aug.* 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Cuſh *the* Benjamite *againſt him.*

LOrd my God to thee I fly,
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Leſt as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haſte to tear my Soul aſunder,
Tearing and no reſcue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought

Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not free'd my foe for naught;

Let th' enemy purſue my ſoul
And overtake it, let him tread
My Life down to the earth, and roul
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt, and there out ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouze thy ſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire,
And wake for me, their fury aſſwage:
Judgment here thou didſt engage
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each Nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs,
And their power that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is caſt

My

My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both juſt and wiſe
Saves th' upright of heart at laſt.

God is a juſt Judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjuſt will not forbear,
His ſword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lye.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His miſchief that due courſe doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin ſteep.

Then will I Jehovah's praiſe
According to his juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the moſt high.

Psal. VIII. *Aug.* 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy Name through all the earth?
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th'enemy, and slack th' avengers brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I beheld thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is Man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his Lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fish that through the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!

April

April 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Pſalms done into Metre, wherein all, but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, tranſlated from the Original.

Psal. LXXX.

1 THou Shepherd that doſt Iſrael keep
Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadeſt like a flock of Sheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,
That ſit'ſt between the Cherubs *bright*
Between their wings out-ſpread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manaſſe's ſight,
Awake * thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen* * *Gnorera.*
To ſave us *by thy might.*
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * ſmoaking wrath, *and angry vow* * *Gnaſhanta.*
Againſt thy Peoples prayer.

5 Thou

5 Thou feedſt them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'ſt them * largely drink the tears * *Shaliſh.*
Wherewith their cheeks were wet.
6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us, *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themſelves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu.*
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
O God of Hoſts *vouchſafe,*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
8 A Vine from Ægypt thou haſt brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'ſt out Nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* Vine.
9 Thou did'ſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the Land *at laſt.*
10 With her *green* ſhade that cover'd *all,*
The Hills were *over-ſpread*
Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the Sea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that River *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why haſt thou laid her Hedges low,
And broken down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tusked* Boar out of the Wood
Up turns it by the roots,

Wild

Wild beaſts there brouze and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine;
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And viſit this *thy* Vine.
15 Viſit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thy ſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy ſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame:
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hoſts *vouchſafe,*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

Psal. LXXXI.

TO God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* Psaltry bring along,
And Harp *with* pleasant *string.*
3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn Feast *comes round.*
4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*
A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve.
5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Ægypt Land,
The Tongue I heard was strange.
6 From burden, *and from slavish toyle*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and mirie soyle,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in * Thunder deep
With clouds encompass'd round;

* *Be Sether regnam.*

I

I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
  Of Meriba *renown'd.*
8 Hear. O my People, *hearken well,*
  I teſtify to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
  If thou wilt liſt to me,
9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
  No alien God ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign God
  In Honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
  Thee out of Ægypt Land,
Ask large enough, and I, *beſought,*
  Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
  Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear,*
  Miſlik'd me for his choice,
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
  And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
  Their own devices blind.
13 O that my People would *be wiſe,*
  To ſerve me *all their days,*
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
  To walk my *righteous* ways,
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
  That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
  That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
  To bow to him and bend,
But *they, his People, ſhould remain,*
  Their time ſhould have no end,

16 And

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With Flow'r of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With Honey *for their meat.*

Psal. LXXXII.

* *Bagnadath-el.*
1 GOD in the * great * assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,
† Among the Gods, † on both his hands † *Bekerev.*
He judges and debates,
2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tish phetu*
With * judgment false and wrong, *gnavel.*
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless, * *Shiphtu-dal.*
* Dispatch the * poor man's cause,
And † raise the man in deep distress
By † just and equal Laws. † *Hatzdiku.*
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
And * out of order gon. * *Jimmotu.*
6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God most high,
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other Princes *die.*

8 Rise

8 Riſe God, *judge thou the earth *in might,*
This *wicked* earth * redreſs, * *Shiphta.*
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The Nations all poſſeſs.

Psal. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou ſilent *now at length,*
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou ſtill O God of *ſtrength,*
We cry, and do not ceaſe.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * ſwell,
And * ſtorm outrageouſly, * *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Againſt thy People they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*
† Their Plots and Counſels deep, † *Sod.*
* Them to inſnare they chiefly ſtrive, * *Jithjagnatſu gnal.*
* Whom thou doſt hide and keep. * *Tſephuneca.*
4 Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
Till they no Nation be,
That Iſrael's name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.
5 For they conſult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind † *Lev jachdan.*
Themſelves againſt thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the Deſart dwell,

7 Gebal

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
  And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
  Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Assur also bands,
  And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
  To aid the Sons of Lot,
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
  That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as *is told*
  Thou didst to Jabin's *host,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
  They were repuls'd and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
  As dung upon the Plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped;
  So let their Princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
  So let their Princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
  By right now shall we seize
God's Houses, and *will now invade*
  † Their stately Palaces.
† *Neoth Elohim bears both.*
13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,
  No quiet let them find;
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*
  Like stubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire,
  Which on a sudden straies,
The *greedy* Flame runs higher and higher
  Till all the Mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirl-wind them pursue,
  And with thy tempest chase;

16 * And

16 * And till they * yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with shame their face. * *They seek thy Name*, Heb.
17 Asham'd, and troubl'd, let them be,
Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and scape it never.*
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, *and thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

Psal. LXXXIV.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The *pleasant* Tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
2 My Soul doth long and almost die
Thy Courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a house of *rest*,
The Swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest;
Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Towards thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy House reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

6 They

6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſty* Vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength,
With joy and gladſom cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hoſts hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear;
9 Thou God our ſhield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt,*
Than *in the joys of Vanity*
A thouſand days *at beſt.*
I in the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, *and rich abode,*
With Sin *for evermore.*
11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*
No good from them ſhall be withheld
Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoſts *that reign'ſt on high,*
That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only reſt.

PSAL.

Psal. LXXXV.

1 THY Land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not Lord been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy People woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve,*
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou had'ſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,
† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
Far worſe than fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again * revive, * Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
That ſo thy People may rejoice
By thee preſerv'd alive?
7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew,
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 *And*

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will *go straight and* hear;
For to his People he speaks peace,
And to his Saints *full dear*,
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set,

11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*
Shall bud and blossom *then*,
And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good,
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSAL.

Psal. LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord incline,
O hear me *I thee pray*,
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay*.
2 Preserve my Soul, for † I have trode
Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy Servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call: 4. O make rejoice
Thy Servant's Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my Soul *and voice*,
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* Prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer *what I pray'd*.
8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*

† Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things.*

To

To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlaſting Seat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11. Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honour, and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou haſt free'd my Soul,
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtil'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy Servant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy hand-maid's Son.
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, because thou Lord
Doſt help and comfort me.

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There seated in his sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *Land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
4 I mention Ægypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our Forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends,*
Lo this man there was born.
5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last,*
This and this Man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the Nations doth enrowle,
That this Man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred Songs are there;
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LOrd God thou doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry:
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*
2 Into thy preſence let my pray'r
With ſighs devout aſcend,
And to my cries, that *ceaſeleſs are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble ſore
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life *at death's unchearful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal pit;*
I am a * man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit:

* Heb. *A man without manly ſtrength.*

5 From life diſcharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *ſleep,*
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight*
That in the Grave lie *deep.*
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Doſt never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous houſe hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the loweſt Pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn,*
Where thickeſt darkneſs *hovers round,*
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7 Thy wrath, *from which no ſhelter ſaves,*
Full ſore doth preſs on me;

* Thou break'ſt upon me all thy waves, *The Hebr. bears both.*
* And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great,
Mine Eye grows dim and dead ?
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
Shall the deceas'd ariſe,
And praiſe thee *from their lothſome bed,*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindneſs tell,
On whom the Grave *hath hold* ;
Or they *who* in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*
12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy Juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion ?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my Life be ſpent,
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forſake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and ‡ ſhake
With terror ſent from thee ? ‡ Heb. *Præ concuſſione.*
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *ſo low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Aſtoniſh'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through :

17 All the day they round me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far.
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on *Psalm* 114.

This and the following Psalm *were done by the Author at fifteen years old.*

WHen the blest seed of *Terah*'s faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; *Jordan*'s clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? and why skipt the Mountains;
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Crystal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged Rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM 136.

LET us with a gladſom mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, *&c.*

O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell,
For his, *&c.*

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake.
For his, *&c.*

Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of State.
For his, *&c.*

Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain.
For his, *&c.*

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, *&c.*

And caus'd the golden-treſſed Sun,
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his, *&c.*

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land.
For his, &c.

And in despight of *Pharaoh* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful Wilderness,
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd both *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, *&c.*

And to his ſervant *Iſrael*
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
For his, *&c.*

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
For his, *&c,*

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, *&c.*

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
For his, *&c.*

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majeſty and worth.
For his, *&c.*

That his manſion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA,

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigesimum conscripsit.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum, triplici Poeſeos laureâ coronandum, Græcâ nimirum, Latinâ, atque Hetruſcâ, Epigramma Joannis Salſilli Romani.

CEde Meles, cedat depreſsâ Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Taſſum deſinat uſque loqui;
At Thameſis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet ſibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Ingleſe.

O D E.

Ergimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di ſtelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterno in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienſia merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtù celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,

Non

Non può l' oblio repace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia riſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il ſuo valor l' umano eccede:
Queſta feconda ſà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tranoi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu Giovanni e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zeuſi l' induſtre ardente brama
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee traſſe il più raro.

Coſi l' Ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato,
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le

Lee peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degnì.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino,
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia ill suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,

Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiurioſi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o ſtoria
Furon gia, l'hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto:
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno pareggiar Permeſſo.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Florentino.

JOANNI

JOANNI MILTONO

LONDINENSI,

Juveni Patriâ, virtutibus eximio,

VIro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt :

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis ; In intellectu Sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ ; in ore Eloquentia ; Harmonicos cælestium Sphærarum sonitus Astronomiâ Duce audienti, Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti ; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assiduâ autorum Lectione :

Exquirenti

Exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſtupor in laudandis ſatis eſt: Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini ſervus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
  Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
  Vergivium prono quà petit amne salum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
  Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput:
Quódque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
  Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
  Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
  Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
  Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri,
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid ſit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
Quaſſat, & effuſis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & ſpecto, juvat & ſpectaſſe dolendo,
Interdum & lachrymis dulcis amator ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit:
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus ſeu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ posset senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Nos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimiùm felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;

Huic

Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roſeam poſthabitura Cypron.
Aſt, ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Ætat. 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienſis.

TE, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante deâ.
Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo.
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, ſatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,

Quin

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ!
  Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
  Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
  Personet & totis nænia mœsta Scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

MOestus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
  Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo:
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
  Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
  Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
  Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
  Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
  Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præsul,
  Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar:
  Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi;
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
  Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros;
Quodque afflata tua marcescant lilia tabo,
  Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa;
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
  Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
  Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,

Et

Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
  Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus?
Invida, tanta tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas;
  Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
  Semideamque animam cæde fugâſſe ſuâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
  Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
  Phœbus ab eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
  Condiderant oculus noxque ſoporque meos.
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
  Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
  Ut matutino cum juga ſole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
  Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
  Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
  Ditior Heſperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
  Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
  Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus.
Ipſe racemiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
  Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi ſubitò præſul Wintonius aſtat,
  Sydereum nitido fulſit in ore jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
  Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
  Intremuit læto florea terra ſono.

Agmina

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœleſtia pennis,
  Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
  Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos:
Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
  Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
  At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulſa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
  Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi!

Elegia quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem ſuum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Paſtoris munere fungentem.

CUrre per immenſem ſubitò mea littera pontum,
  I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros.
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obſtet eunti,
  Et feſtinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipſe ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos,
  Æolon, & virides ſollicitabo Deos;
Cæruleamque ſuis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
  Ut tibi dent placidam per ſua regna viam.
At tu, ſi poteris, celeres tibi ſume jugales,
  Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
  Gratus Eleuſinâ miſſus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
  Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiſo quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
  Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediſſe neci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
  Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
  Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
  Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graium
  Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quámque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
  Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
  Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonius illo præeunte recessus
  Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
  Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus ad signum ter vidit arietis Æthon,
  Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem
  Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
  Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
  Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
  Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
  Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
  Grande salutiferæ relligionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
  Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,
  Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
  Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.

Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem,
Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen,
Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modo da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.
Sæpe ſariſſiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultrà ducere paſſus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorùm!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma paràſſe duces.
Te circum ?atè campos populatur Enyo,
Et ſata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
Germaniſque ſuum conceſſit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryſios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuóque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit & æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam,
Fugit Io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volâſſe domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto ſolus inopſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & ſaxis ſævior albis
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui:

Siccine

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
  Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et ſinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
  Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
  Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
  Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
  Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,
Deſertaſque Arabum ſalebras, dum regis Achabi
  Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
  Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Iëſum
  Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,
  Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
  Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
  Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
  Ille tibi cuſtos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
  Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
  Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris,
Terruit & denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
  Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
  Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
  Et ſtrepidus ferri, murmuráque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeris) ſperare memento,
  Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN ſe perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque ſoluta gelu dulce vireſcit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeſt?
Munere veris adeſt, iterumque vireſcit ab illo
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & ſonitus me ſacer intùs agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Peneïde lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid ſacer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus!
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores
  Veris, & hoc ſubeat Muſa quotannis opus.
Jam ſol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
  Flectit & Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ,
  Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius plauſtrum cœleſte Boötes
  Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
  Excubias agitant ſydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte receſſit,
  Neve Giganteum Dì timuere ſcelus.
Fortè aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
  Roſcida cùm primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ,
  Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
  Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
  Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phæbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
  Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,
  Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
  Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
  Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ?
  Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, & ab ore venuſto
  Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis?
Ecce coronatur ſacra frons ardua luco,
  Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
  Floribus & viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.

Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos
  Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
  Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
  Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
  Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
  Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quod ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
  Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
  Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cùm tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
  In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquis,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
  Heſperiis recipit, Cærula mater aquas?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
  Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſolo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
  Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
  Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circùm mulcebit lenè ſuſurrans
  Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
  Nec Phaëtonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cùm tu Phœbe tuo ſapientiùs uteris igni,
  Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
  Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
  Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
  Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.

Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperâſſe Dianam,
  Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
  Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant, Hymenæe, per urbes,
  Littus Io Hymen, & cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
  Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
  Virgineas auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
  Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
  Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat ſua ſydera cantu,
  Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
  Convocat & famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
  Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanuſque ſuâ Cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
  Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis,
  Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
  Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
  Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit malè tecta videri,
  Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
  Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
  Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te Jupiter aurea terris
  Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?

Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
  Quà potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
  Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia ſexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cùm Idibus Decemb. ſcripſiſſet, & ſua carmina excuſari poſtulâſſet, ſi ſolito minus eſſent bona, quòd inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud ſatis felicem operam Muſis dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hoc habuit reſponſum.

MITTO tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
  Quâ tu diſtento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
  Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,
  Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
  Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.
Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
  Feſtaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
  Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibuſque poeſin?
  Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtâſſe corymbos,
  Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
  Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
  Non illic epulæ, non ſata vitis erat.

Quid

Quid niſi vina, roſaſque racemiferumque Lyæum,
  Cantavit brevibus Tëia Muſa modis?
Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumeſius Evan,
  Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum.
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe ſupinus,
  Et volat Eleo pulvere fuſcus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
  Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoſo menſa paratu,
  Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Maſſica fœcundam deſpumant pocula venam,
  Fundis & ex ipſo condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fuſumque per intima Phœbum
  Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
  Numine compoſito tres peperiſſe Deos.
Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
  Inſonat argutâ mollitur icta manu;
Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
  Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
  Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
  Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
  Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
  Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum eſt,
  Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos;
Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venuſque,
  Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,
  Sæpius & veteri commaduiſſe mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
  Heroaſque pios, ſemideoſque duces,

Et

Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperûm conſulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magiſtri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacalis, & caſta juventus,
 Et rigidi mores, & ſine labe manus.
Qualis veſte nitens, ſacrâ, & luſtralibus undis
 Surgis ad infenſos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
 Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devôto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
 Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis.
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges,
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
Ad tu ſiquid agam, ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
 Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
 Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumq; polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
 Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
 Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

Elegia ſeptima, Anno Ætatis undevigeſimo

NOndum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia norâm,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilià tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de paſſeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & ſummæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſtat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, ſed & has decuiſſe putares;
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle, minas.
Et, miſer exemplo ſapuiſſe tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera teſtis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego, ſi neſcis, ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui, Phœbum, ceſſit & ille mihi;

Et

Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
  Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
  Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, & ille
  Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
  Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.
Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
  Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
  Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te ſtulte tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
  Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
  Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
  Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modo qua noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites,
  Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque ſimillima turba dearum
  Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat,
  Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet,
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
  Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi,
  Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unam fortè aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
  Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
  Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
  Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
  Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
  Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis :
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
  Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
  Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
  Ablata eſt oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
  Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, ſequitur pars altera votum,
  Raptaque tam ſubitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cœlum,
  Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum
  Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores
  Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
  Vultus, & coràm triſtia verba loqui ;
Forſitan & duro non eſt adamante creata,
  Fortè nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus ſic infeliciter arſit,
  Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum ſis Deus ales amoris,
  Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
  Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :
Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,
  Solus & in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
  Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans :
Tu modò da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
  Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆC

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
  Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
  Indociliſque ætas parva magiſtra fuit,
Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos
  Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
  Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe Sagittis,
  Et Diomedeam vim timet ipſa Venus.

In proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
  Auſus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
  Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus?
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
  Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
  Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SIccine tentâſti cœlo donâſſe Jacobum
  Quæ ſeptemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Nî meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
  Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
  Aſtra nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.

Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
  Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
Nàmque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
  Crede mihi cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ deriſit Iäcobus ignem,
  Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ,
  Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea ſacra Britanne,
  Supplicium ſpretâ relligione dabis.
Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
  Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quàm funeſto ceciniſti proxima vero
  Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareo ſublime rotatus ab igni
  Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

QUem modò Roma ſuis devoverat impia diris,
  Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque ſinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
  Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ:

IApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
  Qui tulit æthercam ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
  Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
  Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi ſi gloria major?
  Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
  Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
  Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
  In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
  Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
  Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentem
  Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
  Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
  Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
  Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
  Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ deſunctam Naiada ripâ
  Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
  Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
  Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

RUſticus ex Malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
  Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
  Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
  Mota ſolo aſſueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
  Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
  (Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
  Nunc perire mihi & fœtus & ipſe parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

SYL-

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

PArêre fati diſcite legibus,
Manuſque Parcæ jam date ſupplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos ſi relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incaſsùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum eſt.
Si deſtinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Neſſi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuiſſet Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidiſſet occiſum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Enſe Locro, Jove lacrymante,
Si triſte fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare poſſint, Telegoni parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virgâ.

Numen-

Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
  Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
    Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ,
Læſiſſet & nec te Phliyreïe
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
  Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
    Cæſe puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
  Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
    Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Li[illegible] ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloriâ,
  Nec puppe luſtrâſſes Charontis
    Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
  Succoque pollenti tot atris
    Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
Colende Præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
  Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
    Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
  Interque felices perennis
    Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Jacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu Caſpia Tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno nictantibus aſtris.
Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula Trojæ.
At ſimul hanc opibuſque & feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,

Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sanctâ Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia ſulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Typhœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis.
Atque pererrato ſolum hoc lachrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Qua volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtrâ
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſummiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantûm ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremitúſque canentûm
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.

His

His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falſâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrinxit fune ſalaces.
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni;
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latius quem Cæſar adorat
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, & faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

Sancto-

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſæ,
Thermodoonteâ nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto,
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite Pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis,
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcumque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquamne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ.
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſúque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit, & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad inſandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.

Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque [illegible] is
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hìc inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes,
Exululant, tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per an[illegible],
Antrum horrent, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vertunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitùs noſtro conjungere mundo;
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tartareoque leves diſſentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ:
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terrâ
Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas;
Hìc turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ

Mille

Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros:
Exc[illegible] [illegible]arios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet altrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas latè ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli.
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veráque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,
Et nova ſceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo?
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et ſatis antè fugax ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:

Et primò Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique ſenes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. *In obitum Præſulis Elienſis.*

ADHUC madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
  Et ſicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
  Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
  Wintonienſis præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
  Cladiſque vera nuntia!)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
  Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
  Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in inſulâ
  Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
  Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
  Nec vota Naſo in Ibida

Con-

Concepit alto diriora pectore,
  Graiusque vates parciùs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
  Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
  Et imprecor neci necem,
Audîsse tales videor attonitus sonos
  Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
  Bilemque & irritas minas:
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
  Subitòque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
  Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
  Vastóve nata sub Chao:
Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei
  Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
  In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
  Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
  At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
  Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
  Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
  Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
  Auriga currûs ignei,
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
  Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
  Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
  Longéque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
  Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum ſyderum per ordines,
  Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
  Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, & regiam Cryſtallinam, &
  Stratum ſmaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
  Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
  Sat eſt in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
  Ergòne marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſtérileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an & inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra muniſſe nefas, & Temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperâque ut Olympius aulâ
Deci-

Decidat, horribiliſque retecta Gorgone Pallas:
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitáque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſus ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aſtris
Conſuliut rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat, & ambitos ſociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtatâ caſſide Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & ſerus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis & gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitóque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſtâ mole minorem

Ægæona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet, & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Ideâ Platonica, quemadmodum Ariſtoteles intellexit.

DIcite ſacrorum præſides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni per beata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul
Antro recumbis otioſa Æternitas,
Monumenta ſervans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faſtos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura ſolers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unuſque & univerſus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles inſidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura ſit communior,
Tamen ſeorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo ſtringitur ſpatio loci;
Seu ſempiternus ille ſyderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incoli Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras ſedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas;
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,

Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput
Atlante major portitore ſyderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belan, inclytumque Oſiridem.
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholis)
Jam jam poëtas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ poſſunt munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint
Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ,
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phæbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, & tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſydereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Mauruſius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſus redimitos ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et Chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures

Car-

Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
  Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur?
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuúmque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
  Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditеſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo, pater optime, ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii Veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôſſe licet, per te, ſi nôſſe libebit.
Dimotáque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,

Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
  I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
  At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
  Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos, ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

Psal. CXIV.

Ισραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰούδα.

Ἐν

Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας;
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὔμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
Γαῖα θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS *ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum & insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat,* τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος *hæc subito misit.*

Ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρῃ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων·
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
Γελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Muſa greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Deïope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
Adeſdum & hæc verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnos ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
Inſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ.
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa, Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnosùm ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos

Numa,

Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans.
Tumiduſque & ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges,
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitiâ ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poëmate cui titulus, Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo ——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentiâ proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab eâ urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆC quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetruſci.
Tu quoque ſi noſtræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Tepridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis & Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.

Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo: cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & variâ ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere Muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà Thameſis latè puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herboſâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorat Corineïda Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonia variatas pectora fuco.

For-

Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in aura frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitâſſe penates
Cynthius, & famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo
Saxa ſtetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſylvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, & miti luſtrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorâſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arcturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus adſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,

Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cœlicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quo labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serenùm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM
DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperiens, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HImerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans,
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis Amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos linguis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piúmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus ſtrepitat focus, at malus auſter
Miſcet cuncta foris, & deſuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æſculeâ ſomnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ.
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus,

Quis

Quis mihi blanditiáſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
Cecropioſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepores?
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ſerum expecto, ſupra caput imber & Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſilvæ.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityros ad corylos vocat, Alpheſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco,
Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni:
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & ſydera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni gravi ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrſi futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, occulique truces, vultuſque ſeveri:
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, & ſemper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;

Nil

Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege, ſic denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, ſerò ſua tecta reviſens,
Quem ſi ſors letho objecit, ſeu milvus adunco
Fata tulit roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore diſcors,
Vix ſibi quiſque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut ſi ſors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non ſperaveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in ſæcula damnum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivoſam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidiſſe ſepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas & oves & rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale!
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponĕre montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamque etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit,
Paſtores Thuſci, Muſis operata juventus,
Hic Charis atque Lepos, & Thuſcus tu quoque Damon,

Anti-

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt & apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos,
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus!
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura,
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut adjugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humileſque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm.
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos: dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſilvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmque Arviragúmque duces, priſcúmque Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen,
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptáque Gorloïs arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſâ pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mî ſatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitúſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibúſque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, & fuſca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipſe,
Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & ſudantes balſama ſilvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nuba pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, & ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?

Nec

Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà:
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divoſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylvíſque vocabere Damon,
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſto Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrſo.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Johannem Rouſium, Oxonienſis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuo mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponeret. Ode.

Strophe 3.

GEmelle cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen had nimii poëtæ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras,

Nunc

Nunc Britannica per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede.

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico.
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cærulæi patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, Thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum.

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineámque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licèt malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo tereris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix; en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipſe præſidet,
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheïdes
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iön Actæâ genitus Crëusâ.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domùm,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidoque Parnaſſi jugo:

Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüsî;
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque lon
Turba legentum prava faceſſet:
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio faventer

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtr unâ demum Epodo clauſis; quas, tametſi omnes ne ſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè reſpond ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

The End of the POEMS.

A small TRACTATE of

EDUCATION.

TO

Mr. *HARTLIB.*

OF
EDUCATION.
To Mr. SAMUEL HARTLIB.

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. *Hartlib*,

I AM long ſince perſuaded, that to ſay, or do ought worth Memory and Imitation, no purpoſe or reſpect ſhould ſooner move us, than ſimply the love of God, and of Mankind. Neverthelefs to write now the reforming of Education, tho' it be one of the greateſt and nobleſt Deſigns that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation periſhes, I had not yet at this time been induc'd, but by your earneſt Intreaties and ſerious Conjurements; as having my mind for the preſent half diverted in the purſuance of ſome other Aſſertions, the Knowledge and the Uſe of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of Truth, and honeſt Living, with much more Peace. Nor ſhould the Laws of any private Friendſhip have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or tranſpoſe my former Thoughts, but that I ſee thoſe Aims, thoſe Actions which have won you with me the Eſteem of a Perſon ſent hither by ſome good Providence from a far Country, to be the occaſion and the incitement of great good to this Iſland. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the ſame Repute with Men of moſt approv'd Wiſdom, and ſome of higheſt Authority among us. Not to mention the learned Correſpondence which you hold in foreign Parts, and the extraordinary Pains and Diligence which you have us'd in this Matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite Will of God ſo ruling, or the peculiar ſway of Nature, which alſo is God's working. Neither can I think that, ſo reputed, and ſo valu'd as you are, you would, to the forfeit of your own diſcerning Ability, impoſe upon me an unfit and over-ponderous Argument, but that the Satisfaction which you profeſs to have receiv'd from thoſe incidental Diſcourſes which we have

wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a Persuasion, that what you require from me in this Point, I neither ought, nor can in conscience defer beyond this Time both of so much need at once, and so much Opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is, either of Divine or Human Obligement, that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in Writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea* which hath long in silence presented it self to me, of a better Education, in Extent and Comprehension far more large, and yet of Time far shorter, and of Attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in Practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Januas* and *Didactics*, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few Observations which have flower'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative Years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil Knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the Ruins of our first Parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that Knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our Souls of true Virtue, which being united to the heavenly Grace of Faith makes up the highest Perfection. But because our Understanding cannot in this Body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the Knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior Creature, the same Method is necessarily to be follow'd in discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not Experience and Tradition enough for all kinds of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those People who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And tho' a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the World into, yet, if he had not studied the

the solid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a Learned Man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many Mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight Years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one Year. And that which casts our Proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle Vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous Exaction, forcing the empty Wits of Children to compose Themes, Verses and Orations, which are the Acts of ripest Judgment, and the final Work of a Head fill'd, by long reading and observing, with elegant Maxims, and copious Invention. These are not Matters to be wrung from poor Striplings, like Blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely Fruit: Besides the ill Habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *Idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of Speech by their certain forms got into Memory, they were led to the Praxis thereof in some chosen short Book lesson'd throughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the Substance of good things, and Arts in due Order, which would bring the whole Language quickly into their Power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give Account to God of our Youth spent herein: And for the usual Method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old Error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Schoolmen's Grossness of barbarous Ages, that instead of beginning with Arts most easy, (and those be such as are most obvious to the Sense,) they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the intellective Abstractions of Logick and Metaphysicks: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick Flats and Shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable Construction, and now on the

ſudden tranſported under another Climate to be toſt and turmoil'd with their unballaſted Wits in fathomleſs and unquiet deeps of Controverſy, do for the moſt part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mock'd and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful Knowledge; till Poverty or youthful Years call them importunately their ſeveral Ways, and haſten them with the ſway of Friends, either to an ambitious or mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity: Some allur'd to the Trade of Law grounding their Purpoſes not on the prudent and heav'nly Contemplation of Juſtice and Equity, which was never taught them, but on the promiſing and pleaſing Thoughts of litigious Terms, fat Contentions, and flowing Fees; others betake them to State Affairs, with Souls ſo unprincipled in Virtue, and true generous Breeding, that Flattery, and Court-ſhifts, and tyrannous Aphoriſms appear to them the higheſt Points of Wiſdom; inſtilling their barren Hearts with a conſcientious Slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feign'd: Others, laſtly, of a more delicious and airy Spirit, retire themſelves, knowing no better, to the Enjoyments of Eaſe and Luxury, living out their Days in Feaſt and Jollity; which indeed is the wiſeſt and the ſafeſt Courſe of all theſe, unleſs they were with more Integrity undertaken. And theſe are the Fruits of miſpending our prime Youth at the Schools and Univerſities as we do, either in Learning mere Words, or ſuch things chiefly as were better unlearnt.

I ſhall detain you no longer in the Demonſtration of what we ſhould not do, but ſtraight conduct you to a Hill-ſide, where I will point ye out the right Path of a virtuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the firſt Aſcent, but elſe ſo ſmooth, ſo green, ſo full of goodly Proſpect, and melodious Sounds on every ſide, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye ſhall have more ado to drive our dulleſt and lazieſt Youth, our Stocks and Stubs, from the infinite Deſire of ſuch a happy Nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choiceſt and hopefulleſt Wits to that aſinine Feaſt of Sowthiſtles and Brambles which is commonly ſet before them, as all the Food and Entertainment of their tendereſt and moſt docible Age. I call therefore a complete and generous Education that

that which fits a Man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the Offices, both private and publick, of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less Time than is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First, to find out a spacious House, and Ground about it, fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty Persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be Attendants, all under the Government of one, who shall be thought of Desert sufficient, and Ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This Place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other House of Scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be Practitioners; but as for those general Studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Arts, it should be absolute. After this Pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the increase of Learning and Civility every where. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their days work into three Parts, as it lies orderly: Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary Rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better; and while this is doing, their Speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear Pronunciation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do not open our Mouths in the cold Air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: so that to smatter *Latin* with an *English* Mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-*French*. Next to make them expert in the usefullest points of Grammar, and withal to season them, and win them early to the Love of Virtue and true Labour, ere any flattering Seducement, or vain principle seize them wandring, some easy and delightful Book of Education should be read to them; whereof the *Greeks* have Store, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic Discourses. But in *Latin* we have none of classic Authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*,

and

and ſome ſelect Pieces elſewhere. But here the main ſkill and ground-work will be, to temper them ſuch Lectures and Explanations upon every Opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing Obedience, inflam'd with the Study of Learning, and the Admiration of Virtue; ſtirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave Men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all Ages, that they may deſpiſe and ſcorn all their childiſh, and ill-taught Qualities, to delight in manly and liberal Exerciſes, which he who hath the Art and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual Perſuaſions, and that with the Intimation of ſome Fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own Example, might in a ſhort ſpace gain them to an incredible Diligence and Courage; infuſing into their young Breaſts ſuch an ingenuous and noble Ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchleſs Men. At the ſame time, ſome other Hour of the Day, might be taught them the Rules of Arithmetick, and ſoon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After Evening-repaſts, till bed-time, their Thoughts will be beſt taken up in the eaſy grounds of Religion, and the ſtory of Scripture. The next ſtep would be to the Authors of *Agriculture, Cato, Varro*, and *Columella*; for the matter is moſt eaſy, and if the Language be difficult, ſo much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years: And here will be an occaſion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waſte that is made of good; for this was one of *Hercules*'s Praiſes. Ere half theſe Authors be read (which will ſoon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chooſe but be Maſters of an ordinary Proſe. So that it will be then ſeaſonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the uſe of the Globes, and all the Maps; firſt with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philoſophy. And at the ſame time might they be entring into the *Greek* Tongue, after the ſame manner as was before preſcrib'd in the *Latin*; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being ſoon overcome, all the Hiſtorical Phyſiology of *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus* are open before them, and, as I may ſay, under contribution. The like Acceſs will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca*'s natural Queſtions, to *Mela, Celſus, Pliny*, or *Solinus*. And having

thus paſt the Principles of *Arithmetick, Geometry, Aſtronomy,* and *Geography,* with a general Compact of Phyſicks, they may deſcend in *Mathematicks* to the inſtrumental Science of *Trigonometry,* and from thence to Fortification, Architecture, Enginry, or Navigation. And in natural Philoſophy they may proceed leiſurely from the Hiſtory of Meteors, Minerals, Plants and living Creatures, as far as Anatomy. Then alſo in courſe might be read to them out of ſome not tedious Writer the Inſtitution of Phyſick; that they may know the Tempers, the Humours, the Seaſons, and how to manage a Crudity: Which he who can wiſely and timely do, is not only a great Phyſician to himſelf, and to his Friends, but alſo may at ſome time or other ſave an Army by this frugal and expenſeleſs means only; and not let the healthy and ſtout Bodies of young Men rot away under him for want of this diſcipline; which is a great pity and no leſs a Shame to the Commander. To ſet forward all theſe proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure as oft as ſhall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fiſhermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other Sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomiſts; who doubtleſs would be ready, ſome for Reward, and ſome to favour ſuch a hopeful Seminary? And this will give them ſuch a real tincture of natural Knowledge, as they ſhall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then alſo thoſe Poets which are now counted moſt hard, will be both facile and pleaſant, *Orpheus, Heſiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionyſius*; and in Latin, *Lucretius, Manilius,* and the rural part of *Virgil.*

By this time, Years and good general Precepts will have furniſh'd them more diſtinctly with that act of Reaſon which in *Ethics* is call'd *Proairesis*; that they may with ſome Judgment contemplate upon moral Good and Evil. Then will be requir'd a ſpecial reinforcement of conſtant and ſound Endoctrinating to ſet them right and firm, inſtructing them more amply in the knowledge of Virtue and the hatred of Vice: while their young and pliant Affections are led thro' all the moral Works of *Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius,* and thoſe *Locrian* Remnants; but ſtill to be reduc'd in their nightward ſtudies, wherewith they cloſe the day's Work, under the determinate Sentence of *David* or

Solomon,

Solomon, or the Evangelists and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal Duty, they may then begin the Study of OEconomics. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good Antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, *Greek*, *Latin*, or *Italian*: Those Tragedies also that treat of houshold Matters, as *Trachiniæ*, *Alcestis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the Study of *Politics*; to know the Beginning, End, and Reasons of political Societies; that they may not in a dangerous Fit of the Common-wealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but stedfast Pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and with best warrant, by *Moses*; and as far as human Prudence can be trusted, in those extoll'd remains of *Græcian* Law-givers, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*; and thence to all the *Roman Edicts* and Tables, with their *Justinian*; and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundays also and every Evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest Matters of *Theology*, and Church-History Antient and Modern: and ere this time the *Hebrew* Tongue at a set hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own Original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the *Chaldee*, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all these Employments are well conquer'd, then will the choice Histories, *Heroic Poems* and *Attic* Tragedies of stateliest and most regal Argument with all the famous Political Orations, offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by Memory, and solemnly pronounc'd with right Accent and Grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the Spirit and Vigor of *Demosthenes*, or *Cicero*, *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic Arts which enable Men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fittest style of Lofty, Mean, or Lowly. *Logic* therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referr'd to this due Place, with all her well-couch'd Heads and Topics, until it be time to open her contracted Palm into a graceful and ornate *Rhetorick*, taught out of the

Rules of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Phalereus*, *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*, *Longinus*. To which *Poetry* would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the Prosody of a Verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the Rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotle*'s *Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian* Commentaries of *Castlevetro*, *Tasso*, *Mazzoni*, and others, teaches what the Laws are of a true *Epic* Poem, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what Decorum is, which is the grand Master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rhymers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in Divine and Human Things. From hence and not till now will be the right Season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent Matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into Things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Council, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other Gestures, and Stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a Trial of our Patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their Ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the steddy pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been Taught, until they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfected Knowledge, like the last embattelling of a *Roman* Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their EXERCISE.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those antient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle*, and such others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned

nowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lycæum*, all for the Gown, this Institution of breeding, which I hear delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for Exercise and due Rest afterward; But the time for this may be enlarg'd at pleasure, according as their rising in the Morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with Edge or Point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless Courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroick Valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practis'd in all the Locks and Gripes of Wrestling, wherein *Englishmen* were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd Spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ-stop waiting on elegant Voices either to religious, material, or civil Ditties; which, if wise Men and Prophets be not extremely out, have a great Power over Dispositions and Manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick Harshness and distemper'd Passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first Concoction, and send their Minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under

der vigilant Eyes till about two hours before supper, they are by a sudden Alarm or Watch-Word, to be call'd out to their military motions, under Skie or Covert, according to the Season, as was the *Roman* wont; first on foot, then as their Age permits on Horse-back, to all the Art of Cavalry; that having in sport but with much exactness, and daily muster, serv'd out the Rudiments of their Soldiership in all the skill of Embattling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of antient and modern Stratagems, *Tacticks*, and warlike Maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the Service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful Armies, suffer them for want of just and wise Discipline to shed away from about them like sick Feathers, tho' they be never so oft supply'd: they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitible Colonels of 20 Men in a Company, to quaff out, or convey into secret Hoards, the Wages of a delusive List and a miserable Remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-master'd with a score or two of Drunkards, the only Soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all Rapines and Violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that Knowledge that belongs to good Men or good Governors, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own Institute, besides these constant Exercises at home, there is another Opportunity of gaining Experience to be won from Pleasure it self abroad. In those vernal Seasons of the Year, when the Air is calm and pleasant, it were an Injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out, and see her Riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a Persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three Years that they have well laid their Grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the Quarters of the Land; learning and observing all Places of strength, all Commodities of building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade: Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical Knowledge of sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar Gifts of Nature; and if there were any secret Excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to

advance

advance it ſelf by, which cou'd not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into faſhion again thoſe old admired Virtues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this Purity of Chriſtian Knowledge. Nor ſhall we then need the *Monſieurs* of *Paris* to take our hopeful Youth into their ſlight and prodigal Cuſtodies, and ſend them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes, and Kickſhaws. But if they deſire to ſee other Countries at three or four and twenty Years of Age, not to learn Principles, but to enlarge Experience and make wiſe Obſervation, they will by that time be ſuch as ſhall deſerve the regard and honour of all Men where they paſs, and the Society and Friendſhip of thoſe in all places who are beſt and moſt eminent: And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to viſit us for their Breeding, or elſe to imitate us in their own Country.

Now laſtly for their Diet there cannot be much to ſay, ſave only that it would be beſt in the ſame Houſe; for much Time elſe would be loſt abroad, and many ill Habits got; and that it ſhould be plain, healthful, and moderate, I ſuppoſe is out of controverſy. Thus, Mr. *Hartlib*, you have a general view in writing, as your deſire was, of that which at ſeveral times I had diſcours'd with you concerning the beſt and nobleſt way of Education; not beginning as ſome have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many Conſiderations, if brevity had not been my ſcope: Many other circumſtances alſo I could have mention'd, but this, to ſuch as have the worth in them to make trial, for Light and Direction may be enough. Only I believe, that this is not a Bow for every Man to ſhoot in that counts himſelf a Teacher; but will require ſinews almoſt equal to thoſe which *Homer* gave *Ulyſſes*; yet I am withal perſuaded that it may prove much more eaſy in the Eſſay than it now ſeems at a diſtance, and much more illuſtrious; howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that Imagination preſents me with nothing but very happy and very poſſible according to beſt wiſhes; if God have ſo decreed, and this Age have Spirit and Capacity enough to apprehend.

FINIS.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASW